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THE RADICALS.

BY MRS. L. MARIA CHILD.

How is it that the Republican press is so lukewarm in support of the Radicals? Is it a time for the sentinels of Freedom to drowse at their post, when the enemy is scaling her bulwarks in the darkness? The Radicals are the *soul* of the Republican party. The ideas which they represent brought that party into existence; and it was the vitality thence derived which brought it out alive through all the protracted bleeding and slow application of remedies which marked the warfare of the United States with the Rebellion for the defense of Slavery.

The question of sustaining the Radicals is not a party affair. It involves momentous principles; principles on which this Government must stand, or else it will surely fall, and bury for a long time under its ruins the hopes of the struggling masses of the Old World. The Rev. Mr. Furness, in an eloquent discourse on "The National Birthday," said truly: "We have no need to lift a finger to interfere with the affairs of other nations. We have only, to continue to be, to be just and free; and a power will go forth from this country before which all unequal institutions will vanish away like mists of the night before the morning sun."

Shall we, from timidity or carelessness, fail to perform this glorious mission? No skillful playing of party games can preserve our existence as a living nation. Let us not deceive ourselves with shams. "God is not mocked." He has led us in a marvelous manner, and brought us through an overwhelming sea of difficulties; and that not on account of our own merits, but because, notwithstanding our unfaithfulness to the high trust reposed in us, we were still the representative nation of the world—the representative of those eternal principles of Justice and Freedom which are the spiritual steam-propellers of the age. And it is these principles which Radicals seek to embody in the measures of the Government. Shilly-shally politicians may calculate carefully how many votes can be gained by winking at outrages; they may prove to their own satisfaction that the Republican party can best preserve its power by being recreant to its principles; but the laws of God remain unchangeable. By trying to evade them, they will but make the good word Republican as odious as the good word Democratic was made by a similar process. If the existence of this great Western Power means anything in the world's history, it means impartial Justice and universal Freedom. The Republican party has no right to exist, except as the faithful and fearless exponent of those great principles; and the Radicals are the *soul* of the party, because they are true to those principles, and seek to have them embodied in every measure of the Government. Why is Charles Sumner preeminently the representative man among Radicals? Because he has invariably taken his stand on immutable principles of right. In great national emergencies he has always dared to trust those principles; therefore, the timid and the time-serving have often pronounced him rash and impracticable. To the "pate of a politician" it always seems rash to have perfect faith in God; which, in other words, is an undoubting reliance upon principles. But, time after time, events have compelled those very men to adopt, as a war necessity or a political necessity, those very measures which Charles Sumner originally proclaimed to be expedient because they were right. And at the present time, if the life of this nation is saved, it must be by the adoption of measures urged by the Radicals; because those measures, and those only, truly embody the spirit of our free institutions. Do you think I speak too much in the tone of authority? Everybody is invested with authority who utters the truth with earnestness. And I am earnest, because I love my country, and feel acutely that this relaxation of vigilance on the part of friends of freedom is endangering the loss of precious advantages, gained at tremendous cost. It is painful to reflect how much blood and treasure might have been saved if our public men had generally been thoroughly imbued with vital faith in the grand ideas on which this government was founded. And even now, after all the impressive teachings of the war, we are still afraid to follow out consistently the principles which gave us victory. The mighty impulse which the cause of Freedom then received is being checked by our supineness and want of faith; just as the glorious light of the Declaration of Independence was befogged by the compromises of the Constitution, because our fathers also were afraid to trust to principles. Their tinkering the work of God left us a gigantic and terrible task to perform.

Shall that dreadful lesson teach us nothing? I sometimes fear it, when I see men so satisfied with their laurels, and singing jubilante over a peace which in reality has no existence. The spirit of despotism is as unrelenting and active as it ever was; it has merely changed its tactics. It does not now openly parade even painted cannon; but its sappers and miners are busily at work destroying the fortress of freedom by substituting rotten wood for the solid timber of its foundation. This process is far more dangerous than open warfare.

Northerners, with iron in their blood from a vigorous climate, and an iron will inherited from a Puritan ancestry, must needs be victorious in any trial of sheer strength. But in the game of diplomacy the South have always proved winners; and that is the game they are playing now. Slaveholders, educated under a system which required constant concealment of truth, the constant assumption of false appearances, and the perpetual presentation of false issues, necessarily became very skillful in all indirectness and cunning. Northerners, living under institutions that were open to the daylight, had less use for such accomplishments; and, being generally workingmen, they had little time to watch the movements of such games. The selfish and unscrupulous among them joined hands with successful despotism for the sake of the plunder, while honest men took it for granted that all was going right, as honest men are prone to do. Thus the South became masters of the nation; and it was their boast that they could always govern the North by means of the "white slaves" they held in its midst.

Do you suppose the spirit of contempt and violence, the long habits of cunning and concealment, have been effectually cured by a few legal enactments, very imperfectly carried into operation? Do you imagine the "white slaves of the North are emancipated from their vassalage? Believe it not. They are as ready to strike down freedom, while they wear its uniform, as they ever were. There *is* no peace, and there *can be* no peace between the spirit of despotism and the spirit of freedom. One or the other *must* rule paramount; and it is still an unsettled question which it shall be. If you doubt it, notice how assassinations go on at the South unwhipt of justice! See rebel flags hoisted unrebuked! Observe how one Southern State after another comes so completely under the dominion of rebels that loyal men dare not vote therein! And the U. S. Government either feels that it has no power, or else does not choose to exercise it.

So far from the race of "white slaves" having become extinct in the North, we see a man like Salmon P. Chase selling himself in the market for a prospective mess of presidential pottage; and, by way of propitating our old Southern masters, we hear him expressing the hope that a time may come when the nation will decorate the graves of rebel soldiers with garlands, as it now manifests its gratitude to the loyal dead.

Every humane heart must pity the bereaved wives and mothers of the South; nor can pity be withheld from the misguided men who sacrificed their lives in a bad cause. But it behooves us not to forget that the South rushed into war for the avowed purpose of upholding and extending the baleful institution of slavery; and that the United States was compelled to take up arms to defend its own life, as well as to prevent the extension of slavery throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is a duty to suppress all feelings of revenge, and to aim sincerely at the welfare of all classes in the South; but the claims of justice, the moral education of the popular mind, the memory of the patriotic dead, all require us to bear forever in mind that there was a right side and a wrong side in that war. The South now seeks to keep out of sight that it sought to destroy the Government, for the sake of perpetuating and extending slavery. But, in their days of arrogant supremacy, they boasted of that purpose too often to wipe out the record now from the tablets of our history. I am glad to hear that Senator Wilson is preparing a history of the rise and decline of the Slave Power, in which copious quotations from slaveholders will be brought forward to prove that the war was avowedly and boastfully undertaken to perpetuate and extend slavery. The preparation of such a book will be a valuable service to the country. It is greatly needed now, when the insidous and unscrupulous oligarchy of the South find designing accomplices in disappointed politicians of the North, and unconscious abettors, in the disciples of a sham magnanimity, who are bewildering the moral sense of the people by confusing all distinctions of right and wrong. Thus the kind-hearted and well-meaning are inconsiderately joining with the artful and the selfish in inviting the careless public to come to the great jubilee ball, where the good Lord and the good Devil join hands and dance down in the middle, an edifying spectacle of brotherly union.

Why does the Republicans press sleep over such a state of things? If they wish to keep a living *soul* in their party, let them sustain the Radicals with energy; for, as surely as the Lord liveth, it has no *other* soul.—*N. Y. Independent.*

PHILADELPHIA LABOR CONVENTION.—ADDRESS OF THE COLORED DELEGATES.

THE following is the main portion of the address of the Colored Delegates to the National Labor Congress.—It was read by Mr. Isaac Myers, (colored), of Maryland. The whole Convention listened to the reader with the most profound attention and in perfect silence. Mr. Myers who is light colored, a ship carpenter, from Baltimore read the document in a full, round voice, with proper emphasis, and in a clear and distinct manner. The reading was at times interrupted with applause, and at its close many delegates advanced and warmly congratulated him. The address was ordered to be printed.

ADDRESS OF THE COLORED DELEGATES.

Mr. President and Members of the National Labor Convention:

GENTLEMEN: * * * Silent but powerful and far-reaching is the revolution inaugurated by your act in taking the colored laborer by the hand and telling him that his interest is common with yours, and that he should have an equal chance in the race for life. These declarations of yours are ominous, and will not only be felt throughout the length and breadth of this great Republic, but will become another great problem in American politics for the kings and dynasties of Europe to solve. It is America, and it is only Americans that can work up and work out such great revolutions in a day. God grant that it may be as lasting as the eternal hills. I speak to-day for the colored men of the whole country, from the lakes to the Gulf—from the Atlantic to the Pacific—from every hill-top, valley and plain throughout our vast domain, when I tell you that all they ask for themselves is a fair chance; that you shall be no worse off by giving them that chance; that you and they will dwell in peace and harmony together; that you and they may make one steady and strong pull until the laboring men of this country shall receive such pay for time made as will secure them a comfortable living for their families, educate their children and leave a dollar for a rainy day and old age. Slavery, or slave labor, the main cause of the degradation of white labor, is no more. And it is the proud boast of my life that the slave himself had a large share in the work of striking off the fetters that bound him by the ankle, while the other end bound you by the neck.

The white laboring men of the country have nothing to fear from the colored laboring man. We desire to see labor elevated and made respectable; we desire to have the highest rate of wages that our labor is worth; we desire to have the hours of labor regulated, as well to the interest of the laborer as the capitalist. And you, gentlemen, may rely on the support of the colored laborers of this country in bringing about this result. If they have not strictly observed these principles in the past, it was because the doors of the workshops of the North, East and West were firmly bolted against them, and it was written over the doors: "No negro admitted here." Thus barred out, thus warned off, his only hope was to put his labor in the market, to be controlled by selfish and unscupulous speculators, who will dare do any deed to advance their own ends.

Mr. President and gentlemen, American citizenship with the black man is a complete failure, if he is proscribed from the workshops of this country—if any man cannot employ him who chooses, and if he cannot work for any man whom he will. If citizenship means any thing at all, it means the freedom of labor, as broad and universal as the freedom of the ballot. I cannot tell how far your action in admitting colored delegates on this floor is going to influence the minor organizations throughout the country. Shall they still proscribe the colored laborer, or will they feel bound to follow your noble example of Monday? The question being to-day asked by the colored men of the country is only to be answered by the white men of the country. We mean in all sincerity a hearty coöperation. You cannot doubt us. Where we have had the chance, we have always demonstrated it. We carry no prejudices. We are willing to forget the wrongs of yesterday and let the dead past bury its dead. An instance of this may be found in my own native Maryland. After we had been driven from shipyard to shipyard, until at last we were kicked completely out and cast upon the cold charity of the world, we formed a coöperative union, got it incorporated, raised $40,000, bought a shipyard, gave employment to all our men, and now pay them, outside of their wages fifty per cent. on their investment. And is that all? No. We give employment to a large number of the men of your race, without regard to their political creed, and to the very men who once sought to do us injury. So you see, gentlemen, we have no prejudice. We have issued a call for a National Labor Convention, to meet in the City of Washington on the first Monday in December next. Delegates will be admitted without regard to color, and I hope you will be well represented in that Convention. Questions of the mightiest importance to the labor interest of the United States will be disposed of. We will be very glad to have your coöperation there, as you have ours now. The resolutions of this Convention will have an important bearing on that Convention. The more you do here, the less we will have to do there.

The colored men of this nation are entirely opposed to the repudiation of the national debt. They go in for every honest dollar borrowed to be honestly paid back, and on the terms stipulated in the original agreement. Any other course is more ruinous to the laborer than to the capitalist. The permanence, not of this Administration nor of any other, but of the Government itself, depends on the honest paying of its debts. A dishonest Government, like a dishonest individual, will be arrested, tried, convicted and punished.

The money borrowed was from individual pockets—the slaveholders of the South and their sympathizers in the North forced us to borrow that money. It was borrowed to put down the rebellion, not to put down slavery, for that was not in the contract. Liberty to the slave was a bird hatched by the eggs of the rebellion. And of all men in the United States the laboring men of the North, East and West are most benefited by the money borrowed. You know that if you had not whipped slavery, slavery would have whipped you. If the rebellion had succeeded, slavery would have soon spread over the entire country, and you white laboring men of the country would have been forced to work for what a man chose to give you, and that very often under the lash, as was the case in South Carolina. What has stopped this? The money that our Government borrowed in good faith. Has the Government paid too much for its use? We think you will find it is no fault of the Government, but of those who rebelled against it. These are questions that require your weightiest consideration. The workingmen of this country are a vast power, can take care of themselves, and will not be hoodwinked by any political demagogue in or out of power. What we want is low prices for the necessaries of life, an honest administration of the Government, reasonable hours of labor, and such a compensation for the time made as will afford us an independent living. We want no land monopolies, any more than money monopolies or labor monopolies. We want the same chance for the poor as is accorded to the rich—not to make the rich man poorer, but the poor man richer. We do not propose to wage a war on capital, and we do not intend to let capital wage a war on us. Capitol and labor must work in harmony, and all labor reforms, to be made successful, must be founded on the soundest principles of political economy. We feel that in the person of President Grant the workingmen have a strong friend. After the quibbling of the Attorney-General, and others in authority, whether Congress meant you should have a day's wages for eight hours' labor, President Grant ordered, and it was declared, that eight hours' was a day's labor, for which there should be no reduction of pay. He is a type of Americanism, as handed down by the fathers. He cannot be an aristocrat, he cannot feel himself above the common people, and any measure looking to the elevation of the workingmen of this country we believe is sure to have his support. The colored men of the country thoroughly indorse him.

Gentlemen, again thanking you for what you have done, and hoping you may finish the good work of uniting the colored and white workingmen of the country by some positive declaration of this Convention, I wish you a complete success.

CHINESE AS LABORERS—NOT COOLIES.

MR. BUTLER ANDERSON of Memphis writes to *The Appeal* giving his opinion of Chinese laborers, founded upon his personal experience as a resident of the Pacific Coast for ten years. In the mines, he says, the Chinaman is skillful, industrious, patient, and persevering beyond any other class of men who follow that hard, tiresome, and trying occupation. In that intensely exciting and hazardous business they never seem to contract idle or improvident habits. Constant, steady, untiring labor seems to suit them better than all the fascinations that continually beset the miner. You will rarely find them "prospecting," *i. e.*, hunting for newer and better "diggings." If they are mining on their own responsibility they seek the "diggings" which will pay them steadily fair wages in preference to uncertain and prospectively rich ground that promises a larger yield. This steadiness of purpose with them is observed by all who have ever seen them in the mines. It is a trait of character universally different from that which possesses all other nationalities when they go gold hunting. As servants in every position—in the house, in the kitchen, in the stable, on the steamboat, on the farm—they are obedient, good tempered, docile, tractable and industrious; apt to learn, and ready, willing and anxious to be taught, they perform the service set for them cheerfully and without a murmur. It requires a little time and some patience to get them broken in. After they once get on the beaten road of daily duty they show no disposition to leave it. In yielding obedience to the laws of the land, no people are their superiors and but few their equals. No American ever entertained such respect for authority as they exhibit. The criminal records of the Pacific coast bear evidence that as a class there is a smaller number of offenders among them than among the best citizens of the country. All this is said of the Chinese laborer—not of the coolie. They are of the same race of people, but altogether of a different kind. The one is free, the other is a slave. The coolie is bought and sold for a term of years or for life, as the case may be, and a sale transfers the right to control the services. The laborer makes his own contract, and acts for himself entirely in all matters relating to his services. Because those laborers in California have always chosen to engage themselves through agents of their own race they have been confounded with the coolie, and for no other reason. No sane man will ever attempt to introduce a coolie into the South or any other part of the country. The hired laborer would be preferable if no anti-coolie law existed. He adheres faithfully to his contract, and when well treated will soon become attached to his employer, and take a deep interest in his welfare and prosperity. Those laborers think reason, and receive information just as the educated white man does. When once taught how a certain kind of labor is to be done they never forget it, and seem to perform it in the same way ever afterward.

A NEGRO PRIEST.

From the Philadelphia Catholic Standard.

WHILE Dr. England, Bishop of Charleston, was on a visit to his native city, Cork, he became acquainted with an exceedingly intelligent negro, an Irishman by birth. After a few interviews with the young man, he conceived the idea of educating him for the priesthood, believing he would be serviceable in that capacity among the negroes in South Carolina, many of whom are Catholics. Consequently he sent him to France to prepare for holy orders. After spending several years in the seminaries, having completed his studies, the young man came to Charleston, and the bishop ordained him, gave him facilities and sent him on the mission among his brethren, but strange to say, they received him very coldly, and in fact gave him to understand that they did not want him—that they preferred white shepherds. This greatly discouraged him, but he labored earnestly for a time, till, finding he could do no good, he resolved to leave them, and go to Europe, where he could be better received. Accordingly he started for New York, to take passage for France. Arriving early on Saturday morning, he concluded to say mass, as usual. St. Peter's being the nearest church, he directed his steps thither. Dr. P——s, who was the pastor, was a native of Cork, like our friend. Having come to the pastoral residence, our friend ascended the steps, rang the bell, and inquired for the pastor.

The servant informed him that the pastor was at breakfast, pointing to the basement and said: "If you wish to see the doctor, go down there."

Having closed the hall door, the servant ran down to the doctor and told him that a "very conceaty-lookin' young man" was coming down to see him on important business.

"Tell him to come in," said the doctor.

When our friend entered the room, the doctor, without rising from the table, bowed politely to the man, and said, with the rich Cork accent:

"Good morning sir."

"Good morning, kindly," replied our friend with just as rich a brogue.

The doctor, surprised at the accent, looked carefully at the man, and said to him very inquiringly:

"What countryman, are you, sir?"

"I am an Irishman, sir."

"An Irishman!" said the doctor, still surprised.

"Yes, sir, an Irishman."

"Then what part of Ireland are you from?"

"I am from Cork, sir."

"Were you born there?" said the doctor, perfectly astonished.

"I was, sir," replied our friend.

"What is your occupation?" said the doctor.

"I have the honor of being a clergyman-priest."

"A priest?" said the doctor.

"Yes sir," was the answer.

"Who in the name of God, tell me, ordained you?"

The reply was too much for the doctor, so he called the servant to show the man to the door. A black priest was, in his opinion, bad enough, but he thought it was carrying the joke too far for the man to try to pass for a Cork man and a priest ordained by Bishop England, so he motioned toward the door and said "Clear off; you are an imposter."

"Allow me to show you my credentials," replied our friend proceeding to unlock his valise. So, having produced the documents, together with the letters of recommendation and his *exeat* from Bishop England, he was allowed to sit down and explain matters.

Even the doctor was not altogether convinced till he had questioned him in Latin, and on certain theological points. Having received correct answers, in classical Latin, to these questions, he excused himself for his incredulity. "But," said he, "I'm afraid to allow you to say mass in the church; these New Yorkers are very unruly people, and I am afraid they would do some damage to you as they are not all friendly to the nagurs—I mean the black men. However, I have no objections to allow you to say mass privately in the basement of the church or in the house here, if you choose."

Our friend, seeing the prejudices that existed and having had experience among men of his own color, thought his best policy would be to keep "dark," so he thanked the doctor for his privilege, and proceeded very quietly to the chapel in the basement, the doctor having told him that he would send over a couple of boys to serve his mass. When our friend had left, the doctor called the servant and told her to send for boys to serve that man's mass.

"What!" exclaimed the girl, "is that nagur a priest?"

"Yes, indeed, he is," said the doctor, "he showed me his papers, and I questioned him. He's all right."

"Ah, now, doctor, sure you are only joking. Sure he's as black as the ould boy himself."

"I know that," said the doctor, "but he's really a priest, for I examined him carefully."

"Oh, glory be to God! wonders will never cease. Well, well, what won't you see in America. But did you speak Latin to him, doctor?"

"I did, and he speaks Latin very correctly."

"Thank God! for they say that the devil can't speak Latin, so he's not the devil any how. But did you look at his feet? or did you try him with holy water, doctor, jewel?"

"No, but it's all right; hurry off and do as I told you."

So off she went on her message to the altar boys. After allowing the man a sufficient time to rest and get on the altar, her curiosity was so excited she resolved to hear his mass. She heard the poor man saying mass devoutly, and in tones as sweet and correct as any priest she had heard in the "ould dart." She did not pray much, however, for she kept her eyes, mouth, and ears open to the very end of the mass, and then hastened back to the house to prepare his breakfast for him, which she did most willingly, after hearing him say mass.

It is stated that this priest is still living in France, where he found a warm welcome.

POLITICAL SLAVERY.

LETTER FROM ROBERT W. HUME.

ASTORIA, Long Island, N. Y., August 10th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

Respected Sir:—It was stated in 1851 by Senator Mason that there was no original law in the country establishing slavery. I perceive by the *Tribune* of to-day that we can make this honest claim no longer. It asserts in a leader that—"Our Treaty with China expressly stipulates that the Chinese shall not be entitled to naturalization here." I take it, sir, that this dooms them to political slavery, and that therefore it is not to be wondered at that the South is so ready to import them.

There will be some delicate questions to be discussed growing out of this subject which need, and I have no doubt will obtain, proper airing in the A. S. STANDARD. It will take some tons of ink to prove that the Chinese are received here on the footing of "the most favored nation except France," as stated in another part of that instrument, with the former disqualifying clause vitiating the latter statement.

The *Tribune* article concludes as follows: "If the Democrats persist in abusing the hapless and harmless Orientals, the Republic must protect them, even though this should render necessary their enfranchisement." To which I would respectfully answer, certainly, if it can, but, looking on the broken Chinese Treaty, it does not seem to me that the Government possesses either the will or the power to fulfil its present pledges in that instrument. By the Constitution the Negro was estimated as three-fifths of a man, but by the above wretched pro-slavery document the poor Chinaman is set aside as no man at all. Very respectfully yours, R. W. HUME.

THE MOBILE RIOT.

THE GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA REQUESTED TO PLACE MOBILE UNDER MARTIAL LAW.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Aug. 11th.—A petition from some of the Republicans of Mobile was sent yesterday, to Gov. Smith, asking him to place that city under Martial law. A delegation from the citizens of Mobile arrived here to-day, and had an interview with the Governor, which was entirely satisfactory, and resulted in his declining to put the city under military rule.

The Mobile Nationalist gives the following account of the murderous riot following the recent election in that city:

The Republicans assembled last night at the corner of Government and Royal streets, in honor of the glorious victory, in this and other districts, of the Republican principles over those of the Democracy. There was no disposition on the part of the Republicans, white or black, to raise a disturbance; on the contrary, the leaders prevented many outbursts of applause, and the speakers endeavored to persuade the Democrats, as they were fairly beaten, to accept the situation, and live in harmony, and forget the past, and turn their attention to the improvement of the State and financial prosperity of the people. The majority of the Democrats seemed peacefully disposed, but there were a few among them who interfered, from time to time, with the speakers. One of them shouted to Mr. Albert Griffin, while speaking, "You're a liar!" The Republicans, however, took but little notice of the remark. With the exception of the abuse, everything passed off quietly until near the close, when some Democrat, whom, it seemed, had come with the intention of raising a row, began shouting for Mann, and was answered by the colored men hurrahing for Buck. Here Dave Reid, foreman of the Merchants' Fire Company, No. 4, it is said, fired off his pistol, the report of which was answered by another and then shot after shot followed each other in rapid succession. The Democrats immediately left, and in a few minutes after the first shot was fired, there was not one of them to be seen. The white Republicans did not run away, as *The Register* states. Messrs. Hurter and Bromberg were standing west of the stage when the balls fell like hail. Mr. Albert Griffin and James Wright stood erect with their persons plainly to be seen during the whole time of the row. The former gentleman was asked to retire to a more secluded spot, but refused to do so, and succeeded in collecting the crowd around the platform, and addressed them, telling them to go home quietly.

It is also erroneously stated that Mr. James Bragg and Major W. Langford were leading the men. Mr. Bragg did all he could to quell the disturbance, and when last seen at the close of the melee was entreating the crowd to disperse. Major Langford marched at the head of the Seventh Warders to the meeting, and occupied the same position on their return, and prevented the crowd from breaking into the large brick residence on the south-east corner of Conception and Government-sts., before the door of which lay a colored man dead, whom they supposed had been fired at and killed from the window of the house. While the colored men were in the street there were but few white faces to be seen, but after they had gone to their homes, supposing all trouble to be over, a certain portion of the white men came out and divided themselves in squads and paraded the streets, commiting depredations on the houses of Republican citizens. One of these squads, numbering about 50 men, marched up St. Louis st. to the residence of Mr. Bromberg, when the order was given to "halt," then three cheers were given for W. D. Mann, after which a whole volley of shots were fired at or over his house. We learn, however, that no one was hurt, most of the shots passing over the roof. Another crowd went to the house of William Lenoir, the pressman in this office, and calling him "Griffin's nigger," demanded him to open his door, which he refused to do; finally they compelled him to let them in, when they expressed a desire to kill him, but there were parties in there who knew some of the men, and persuaded them to retire. There are many other like cases, the particulars of which we are not sufficiently informed at present to publish.

LIST OF THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Jackson Webb, alias Humphries, colored, was found dead, shot through the head, on the south-west corner of Government and Conception sts. It is said by one of the men who was with the deceased that he was killed by a shot from the window of a house on the corner mentioned. Isaac Hickman, was picked up dead, shot in the left breast, on the corner of Conti and Franklin sts, John Ross, colored, shot in the pit of the stomach while on his way home. Another colored man named Smith, a whitewasher, was shot in the side, and the wound is thought mortal. Elijah Mitchel, colored, shot in the leg during the fight. Stephen Smith, colored mortally wounded in the right shoulder, while on his way home. Benjamin Armstrong, slightly shot in the leg. Frederic Keean, sailor of the Azaline, wounded slightly in the shoulder. There were several policemen wounded; their names are as follows; Emanuel Smyler, slightly wounded in the neck; James Giddins, slightly wounded in the right leg; Welsh, in the left breast, slightly; Snyder, Pollard, and Rossier, were all slightly wounded in the leg. Buckley, a white man, was found dead on Eslava st.; a pistol, supposed to be his, was found a little distance from his body. He was shot through the head. Another one is reported to have been picked up on Government st., near Broad.

SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS.

FIRST TESTIMONY AGAINST SLAVERY.

A PUBLISHED lecture, with the above title, delivered by ex-Governor Emory Washburn, before the Massachusetts Historical Society, will always be valuable as a reference. The New Bedford *Mercury* in making selections from it, says truly: "It gives us the story, often told, but never before so well or so thoroughly, of slavery in the Bay State. In view of the bitter and persistent determination of certain writers in New York to disparage the efforts of Massachusetts in the cause of personal freedom, this exhaustive and reliable contribution of ex-Governor Washburn is as timely as it is able."

Every person who has been interested in the the progress of Anti-Slavery, and especially such as are connected with the Society of Friends, will regard the *priority* of action as settled by the following extract, viz:

"The record of how the people of Massachusetts stood in respect to the institution of slavery among them would be greatly imperfect if it omitted to mention the part which the Quakers of Nantucket took in the attempts to suppress it. * * *

Following an account of their proceedings as our guide, there can be little doubt that this body of Christians deserve the honor of being the first associated organization who made open war upon slavery in this country, or, so far as I have discovered in the world. The Friends, at their Philadelphia yearly meeting in 1688, had begun the discussion without taking any decided action; but the Friends of Nantucket, moved and aroused by the fervid eloquence of a distinguished preacher of that denomination, a daughter of Tristam Coffin, and the wife of Nathaniel Starbuck, made a public protest and declaration, "that it was not agreeable to the truth for Friends to purchase slaves and hold them for the term of life." This was in 1716.

The record of Philadelphia Y. M. was equivocal and non-committal, in 1688, viz: "It was adjudged not to be so proper for this meeting to give a positive judgment in the case, it having so general a relation to many other parts, and therefore at present they forbear it."

Many of the descendants of Mary Starbuck have, from her day to the present, been among the most active and devoted representatives of the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the country. Her grandson, Elihu Coleman, a distinguished minister, wrote a powerful testimony in 1720-30 (the original of which I have carefully preserved) which was published in 1733, and again at a later period. Unavoidably passing over scores of other worthy coworking descendants, one individual name presents itself in this connection. Lucretia Mott about a century after the death of her maternal ancestor (1717) commenced her earnest appeals for the oppressed and down-trodden; and now, after a continuous service of fifty years, she is still in the harness, the unfaltering advocate of a fuller and more equal recognition of the immunities and rights which attach to *humanity*, irrespective of color, sex and condition, or indeed of any of the mere outward circumstances or accidents incident to it.

The Governor quotes the pertinent appeal from Chester, Pa., Quarterly Meeting to Phil. Y. M. in 1729, viz:

"Inasmuch as we are restrained by the rules of discipline from being concerned in fetching or importing negro slaves from their own country, whether it is not as reasonable that we should be restricted from buying them when imported?"

"There is a peculiar significance in this language from the fact, stated by the venerable John Woolman, so kindly spoken of in the writings of Charles Lamb, that when he was in Newport in 1760, he was pained to see slaves imported from Africa by a member of the Society of Friends, then on sale there by the importer."

This tribute to John Woolman is most appropriate. The unceasing labors of this good man were most effective in bringing the Society of Friends to an Anti-Slavery position. He died in 1772, having lived, only to see the disciplinary action of Rhode Island Y. M. in 1770. This was followed by Phil. Y. M. in 1776; Maryland and North Carolina, severally, in 1777, and Virginia in 1784.

John Woolman pursued no temporizing course, neither could any unkind manifestations or opposition turn his righteous testimony backward! Meekly and resignedly he unveiled the iniquity of "ownership in man," and while he declared that "Tears were his meat day and night," he pointed, as if with Prophetic inspiration, to the Nation's late "Baptism of blood," when, in 1746 he said, "In future the consequences will be grievous to posterity. I express it as it hath appeared to me, not at once, nor twice but as a matter fixed on my mind;" and in 1758, "It may be by terrible things in righteousness, God may answer us in this matter!" It was probably this clear conviction which gave to his ministry the inspiration and power for which it was distinguished.

A century intervened, but the penalty came; and who is he that can measure it either in its present or its far-reaching consequences?

By the foregoing data we see that the Friends of Nantucket Quarterly Meeting were more than fifty years in advance of either of the Yearly Meetings, and hence we may accredit a writer in the New Bedford *Mercury* years ago, "that at the end of the 18th century one-third of the people of Nantucket refused the products of slavery, from conscientous scruples!"

The same regard to justice and equity in the individual, has secured from the Lecturer the following characteristic tribute:

"The staunch old Quaker, William Rotch, Sr., without waiting, as it is said, for any action of the Court, resolved to pay the *lay* of a black seaman,

in a whaling voyage, to himself, instead of his master, on the ground that the Bill of Rights had made him free. And the Court sustained him in so doing."

I have been surprised at the ignorance which has existed touching the early Anti-Slavery Agitation. A writer in the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, as late as 1867, assumed that Doct. Hopkins, of "Minister's Wooing" memory, "preached the first Anti-Slavery sermon;" when the truth is, that he was not born till years after the action of Nantucket Q. M., nor was he settled in Newport till 1770.

Thus we have seen that from 140 to 150 years ago, the enlightened vision of the friends of Chester and Nantucket, penetrated the dark hiding places of Slavery, and placed a righteous verdict upon human chattelism! To them the religion of Jesus embraced the Divine attributes of justice, mercy and truth, and that it was only as they *practically* deferred to these, that they could assume to have any *just* conception of their obligations and duties as professing Christians.

And with reference to the record of that distant period, the prophetic words of James Russel Lowell are peculiarly significant—

"O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,
Based on a faithful heart and wearieless brain;
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain!"

PO'KEEPSIE, 7th Mo., '69. N. R.

—*Poughkeepsie Eagle.*

THE POLITICAL CONTROL OF THE SOUTH.

THE long special despatch from Washington, which we printed yesterday, is of great political importance. That President Grant has declared that his sympathies and those of the Cabinet are with the Radical Republicans of the South is a vast encouragement. We had been led by the boasts of the Walker party in Virginia, the Senter party in Tennessee, and the Dent faction in Mississippi, to fear that the President favored the side of those men who use the Republican name to aid the rebel conspirators who seek to obtain the control of the South. Gov. Walker's friends pretended to be the Grant party, but the President affirms that throughout the struggle in Virginia his sympathies were with Mr. Wells. In the Mississippi contest he declares that the so-called National Republican party is the creation of the enemies of Republicanism. It is his opinion that the object of the men who control it is to restore the former rebels to political power, and he has no faith in their willingness to use such power wisely. The President's conversation with Gen. Tarbell shows a thorough comprehension of the nature of the political contest in the South. He cannot believe that loyal men are so suddenly converted to opinions against which for long years they protested and fought; he does not see in the savage enmity to the true Republican party any proof that the leaders of the rebellion have submitted in good faith to the principles established by the war. In short the President announces that the administration is on the side of Reconstruction, Disfranchisement, Radicalism; that it is against the wretched policy which, in the name of magnanimity, would turn the South over to the rule of the men who did their worst to destroy the Union.

A few years ago five hundred thousand Southern men were in arms against the Government. They repudiated any obligation to the Union. They had a government of their own, and fought under a strange flag. They had a President and a Cogress, and the messages of Jefferson Davis denounced the United States in terms more bitter than Americans ever applied to any foreign nation. These men fought to divide the Union, and to establish a Slave Empire from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. And they fought well. They were terribly in earnest. But their leaders were smart politicians; and after Grant had crushed that gigantic rebellion their object was to obtain in the Union the power they had failed to establish out of it. At the end of the war the Rebel South on its knees prayed for magnanimity. The prayer was granted. Who was hung for treason? Nobody but the wretched Wirz, a mere tool. Who was punished? Jefferson Davis for a time was kept in luxurious confinement. A free pardon was given to all the men who had conspired against the Union, and not against that alone, but against Freedom, America, Civilization, Humanity. Was not this magnanimity enough? No. They wanted political power. The men who had done all they could to destroy the Republic demanded a share in its government, and in the North they found accomplices in the Republican party.

Horace Greeley has done all he could to destroy the Republican party in the South, and to compel a surrender of the North to the enemies of emancipation and equality. When he went bail for Jefferson Davis we approved the act—though the majority of the Republicans condemned it—for we saw in it no more than generosity and justice to a prisoner of war whom Andrew Johnson was afraid to bring to trial. But that was but the begining of a long course of wrong. For a year the vast influence of *The Tribune* has been thrown against the Republican party in the South. Mr. Greeley has exhausted the English language in denouncing the franking privilege and mileage and free trade, but he has had few words of censure for the men who, in the name of the Union, seek to make the Fourteenth Amendment a farce and to return the negro to practical serfdom. He has no word of praise for the Radical Republicans who were true to the Union when all the South was false, but has thrown the influence of his paper against Welles in Virginia, for Senter in Tennessee, and for all the ex-Rebels who want to rule the South as absolutely in 1870 as they did in 1860. The battle-cry of *The Tribune* has been Universal Amnesty and Universal Suffrage. Translated into fact, it means the triumph of the originators and managers of the Rebellion and the subjugation of loyal whites and enfranchised blacks. Could the New Orleans riots teach Mr. Greeley, an old Republican, nothing, when they converted Gen. Sheridan? Could he not understand Mobile and the Kentucky elections, and the hundreds of murders committed annually in Texas? Did he see no meaning in the atrocious labor laws passed by nearly every Southern State in 1866? Had the apostacy of Andrew Johnson no significance for him? Could he not see in the courage, the patience, the ferocity of the rebellion itself, carried on for four years against immense odds, proof that the Southern aristocracy demands power, hates Republicanism, regrets Slavery, and will never submit while resistance is possible? No, Mr. Greeley does not read the signs of the present generation. Lost in the sweet dream of universal peace and brotherly love, he dotes upon a vision of some vague political paradise in which the Rebel lion shall lie down with the negro lamb. These hangings and shootings of loyal men are but the results of a cruel policy of proscription; if we only repeal the Reconstruction laws, and give the chivalrous leaders of the rebellion full power, all will be harmonious, the freedman will be treated as a brother, and the Rebel generals will warmly embrace the Southern Union men, upon whose heads they set a price during the war. But in the meanwhile the freedmen are driven from the polls in Tennessee, and are murdered in Texas, and the very men who were true to the Republic in 1863 are political outcasts in 1869.

Thaddeus Stephens died too soon. The country needs now in Congress that bold, uncompromising soul which waged perpetual war on error, and never trifled with the absolute right. Old as he was, he was stronger in his feebleness than hosts of compromisers and utopian visionaries. He saw the naked truth and proclaimed it, and dead though he be—silent in this great contest for the political possession of the South—his grave ought to speak, his memory ought to be a guiding star to his countrymen.

We cannot afford to surrender to the South. We must not sacrifice its original Union men to Mr. Greeley's theories of generosity to those who were never generous or just to whites or blacks. Universal amnesty is a national curse, for it means the practical disenfranchisement of the colored man and the proscription of the loyal white. We have already the results of the timorous, muddled policy of Mr. Greeley in the rebel Legislature of Virginia, and in the certain election of Emerson Etheridge or Andrew Johnson as United States Senator from Tennessee. All who sincerely desire peace for the whole country, prosperity for the South as well as the North—all who believe that the Republican party embodies the true national policy of the United States—must rejoice that the President has declared that he is on the side of Radicalism and Right.

THE PEABODY FUND.

IN an article on the Peabody Fund the *New Orleans Tribune* says:

But we must be permitted to express our surprise at the letter of Rev. Dr. Sears, the General Agent of the Education Fund, to Mr. Lusher, of our city, under date of July 10th. The first paragraph is specially note-worthy. He says: "The Trustees have decided to coöperate with State systems of public instruction as far as possible. We hope to do so with Louisiana; and I see no great difficulty if *the two races are placed in separate schools.* I believe there are no mixed schools in Florida, South Carolina, North Carolina, or any other State; *nor can I suppose that Louisiana will venture on so bold an experiment.*" It is well known that Mr. Peabody, in his original donation, made no discrimination on account of color. The Fund was for the benefit of the children of the South. Neither, certainly, did he intend to interfere with the State systems, as established by the State Constitutions. How then does it come to pass that the General Agent undertakes to pronounce an opinion adverse to mixed schools, and to say that no help will be rendered unless the "*two races are placed in separate schools?*" He affirms that mixed schools exist in no State (meaning, probably, Southern States). Is he ignorant that the Constitution of Louisiana expressly provides for such schools, and has, so far, ventured on "so bold an experiment?" And now does it become him to set himself against the Constitution, approved by the people of Louisiana and ratified by Congress, and to hold out a temptation to violate the fundamental law, by telling us that only separate schools will be assisted from the Fund? This, of course, will highly please the enemies of the Constitution, and confirm their prejudices against the colored race; but to us, who have labored to promote equality of right, and to overcome that spirit of caste under which we have so long groaned, his language seems to be singularly unfortunate, not to say, reprehensible. We certainly did not look for opposition from such a quarter. Dr. Sears has an eminent reputation as a scholar and Christian divine, and therefore our surprise at his course in this matter was the greater.

We cannot believe that Mr. Peabody's benevolent intentions are faithfully carried out by such a proscriptive policy. Of course that gentleman can bestow his charity as he pleases. That is his right. But we presume that, having unlimited confidence in the Trustees of the Fund, he has committed its management entirely into their hands. And the Trustees, in their turn, having a similar confidence in Dr. Sears, have followed his suggestions, the result of his personal experience at the South. So, Dr. Sears is, doubtless, the most responsible party in this transaction. Everything is confided to the wisdom of the General Agent, who is naturally presumed to be throughly acquainted with the wants and the temper of the Southern people.

We think the colored people have a right to modestly ask the Trustees whether the letter of Dr. Sears is endorsed by them? Especially would we ask President Grant, the Chairman of the Board of Trustees, whether he approves the position taken by the General Agent, in direct contravention of the Constitution of Louisiana? And, if the distinguished donor himself would condescend to listen to us, we would respectfully enquire whether it is his wish, in case mixed schools shall be established in Louisiana, under the provisions of the Constitution, that they shall be excluded from the benefit of his Fund?

But with reference to the whole subject of distribution, we would respectfully ask, whether the General Agent would not do well to correspond with some representative of the colored people, as well as of the whites? The former constitute nearly one half the population of the State, and their children are deeply interested in the matter of education. We have among us some persons of at least respectable intelligence and education, consultation with whom might throw some light upon the questions at issue. With no spirit of cavil, we would ask whether an exclusive association with a particular class of white citizens is calculated to put the General Agent in the best position for forming an impartial judgment in the case before us? Mr. Lusher is a highly respectable gentleman; so are not a few of his fellow-citizens of another color. It would certainly be something to know our feelings, by personal communication with us.

We are profoundly interested in this matter. We, as a people, need the assistance which the Peabody Fund proffers to the children of the South But we feel it to be hard that in order to secure such aid, we should be compelled to succumb to the prejudice of color, and to go against our Constitution.

Is not Dr. Sears aware that the "bold experiment" of mixed school has been tried in New England and other parts of the country? Has he forgotten that Providence, Rhode Island, where he was so long the honored President of a college, has mixed schools in successful operation? Why should what is fact in New England be impossible in Louisiana?

PHOTOGRAPH OF JOHN G. WHITTIER.

WE have completed arrangements which enable us to offer, as an additional premium for new subscribers, a life-like, handsomely finished, medium sized photograph of JOHN G. WHITTIER. It is of the same size, and in the same finished style, as that of Mr. Phillips, and by the same artist, Mr. Augustus Marshall, 145 Tremont street, Boston. As a photographer, Mr. Marshall is equalled by few, and surpassed by none in Boston, or elsewhere. Each photograph will be accompanied by Mr. Whittier's autograph. We doubt not that many of our readers, by whom everything from Mr. Whittier's pen is fondly treasured, will be glad to avail themselves of this favorable opportunity to obtain a recent and truthful likeness of him. It is the best we have ever seen of him, and will, we have no doubt, give excellent satisfaction to his numerous friends.

To any one who will remit to us for two new subscribers, one year, ($6), or to any old subscriber, remitting also for one new subscriber ($6), we will send post paid a copy of the excellent photograph of Mr. Whittier.

To any one remitting for three new subscribers, ($9), or renewing, and remitting for two new subscribers ($9), we will send one copy of the photograph of John G. Whittier, and one of Wendell Phillips.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.—PHOTOGRAPH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WE have arranged to offer as a premium for subscribers for THE STANDARD a life-like, beautifully finished, medium-sized photograph of WENDELL PHILLIPS, made for us by a distinguished Boston artist. We have had many calls for photographs of Mr. Phillips, suitable for framing, which we have hitherto been unable to supply. We have at last a likeness of him which we pronounce eminently satisfactory, and which we think will prove to be so to his many friends by whom it will be desired. Each photograph will have also Mr. Phillips' autograph. To all our subscribers who renew their own subscriptions and remit for one new subscriber ($6); or to any one who sends us the names of two new subscribers for one year ($6), we will forward, post paid, a copy of Mr. Phillips' photograph, the retail price of which is $2.50.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1869.

ANDREW JOHNSON.—REPUDIATION.

THE Journals are debating whether Andrew Johnson will be chosen United States Senator. Our own opinion is that he will surely be chosen, unless his comrades are able to cheat him out of his pay. It is very easy to see and to say that there is no party so shameless as not to blush at having him for its representative. Blushes, however, are of very little account in party tactics. Johnson would never have thrown himself with such energy into the canvass except on pledges, well understood, that he should be paid for his assistance with the Senatorship. There is an old adage, *Crimen quos inquinat equat*,—those whom Crime stains, it makes equals. The men who consented to climb to power by a traitorous aid, are now his equals. He will receive his pay, unless some of his gang, forgetting that there ought to be honor even among thieves, cheat him out of it. How probable this is no man can say, since the depths of a Tennessee politician's capacity of cheating is beyond even a Yankee guess. That they will cheat him if they can and dare may be affirmed with confidence: since such men's capacity of evil may always be safely taken as the measure of their disposition. And we have little doubt that tools in this Southern intrigue, the Walkers and the Senters, will soon be thrown aside cheated and disgraced. It is hardly worth while to keep the promises which seduced them to betray their parties.

We are inclined to think, however, that the pledges made to Andrew Johnson will be fulfilled, and that the man who bought absolution with thirty pieces of silver will very properly represent Tennessee, as Brownlow's colleague, in the Senate. His associates cannot afford to cheat him. He is too emphatically a representative man. His war cry and motto is "Repudiation," a word dear to Southern bankrupts. The payment of the Northern debt is no concern of theirs. If paid, no dollar of theirs will ever contribute to its payment. They never did add anything to the National resources, and there is no present probability that they will, for many a long year. In estimating the Nation's wealth they have always been set down as mortgages,—*minus* quantities in the summing up. For them therefore to vapor about Repudiation is as idle as for the paupers on Blackwell's Island solemnly to resolve that they would never pay Stewart's or Astor's debts. They are far too cunning to waste breath in such prattle. The South is in deadly earnest and "Repudiation" in its mouth is no idle pauper's threat never to pay a rich man's debts.

We pointed out, two years ago, that the first word the South would utter,—once again, on her feet,—would be "Repudiation." Not that she really intends to urge us to repudiate;—no—her threat will be "PAY THE SOUTHERN DEBT OR I WILL NEVER VOTE ONE DOLLAR TO PAY YOURS"—*acknowlment of the Southern debt or Repudiation of the National debt.* This is to be the policy. This is the power that lifts Johnson again into office. Representing such a power, Johnson is too strong a man to be safely cheated. Hence we think the infamous bargain will be fulfilled. The Bankrupt South disdains to earn her bread by honest labor. She plans to filch it out of Northern pockets. The claim to have her war debt paid is the means. Our children's children will sit in those Senate chairs before the effort to force its payment will be abandoned. Only a bull-dog's unrelaxing grip can fitly image a pauper scoundrel's longing for what never was his. This is the element which our defeat in Tennessee is to introduce into our politics. Well might Boutwell's instinct scent it from afar. The full consequence of GRANT'S blunder in this matter cannot probably be estimated during the life-time of this generation. A heedless Congress and Johnson, in partnership, gave the South land and civil rights—a disastrous step, impossible to retrace. Grant has now given it political position—a blunder, or a crime, which trebles the difficulty of our situation, and entails dissension, whose reach no man can measure.

What grieves us specially, in the present situation of affairs, is that every conference with Grant, since our defeat in Virginia and Tennessee, shows how thoroughly he comprehends the situation; but with utter heedlessness, he allows matters to become incurable before he wakes up to his duty and its importance. No man of average intelligence fails to see that the South is boiling and seething with hate to the Nation. Sentimentalists may propose to cure it by having every man wear a white ribbon in his button-hole. But even they, not being stone-blind, confess its existence. Grant, too, sees the evil. He knows that to admit your bitter enemy into your camp and give the artillery into his charge, is not the surest way to victory. He sees the evil, has sense enough to perceive what is the remedy. Sleepy, indifferent, undecided, or lacking courage to face the hour, he lets the golden opportunity slip by and contents himself with a lond announcement of what he will certainly do next time. Locking the door after a stableful of horses has been stolen reminds us, by some hidden association, of death-bed repentance; it may save the man, it never gets back the horses.

Johnson will take his seat in the Senate. Possibly he may meet Fessenden there. How the cronies will welcome each other—how happy the reunion!

—"sitting on one cushion—
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted
But yet a union in partition."

Perhaps the tipsy mountebank may do us good in the Senate chamber. It was the stupid and obstinate South that really gave Slavery its death-blow. It was President Johnson who defeated Johnsonism. But this sort of teacher,—experience—keeps a very dear school. Five hundred thousand lives and three thousand million of dollars of debt was the price of our first lesson. No cunning accountant can yet sum up the price we paid for escape from treason in the White House. It will take another generation to close that account. Under Grant we are opening another account in the same bloody ledger. Heaven grant that the fearful losses already incurred may stun him into sobriety;—may make him enter on a course which shall be *example* not warning to the Nation. Whether his defect be heedlessness, ignorance or somthing worse, let him hear the unceasing protest of the Nation's guardians. Wellington's ill-timed obstinacy would have entailed more evil on Britain than Waterloo could have outweighed, had not the growl of Birmingham once and again kept him from his place in the House of Lords. We need a spirit as wakeful to watch our Captain playing at Statesmanship.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

REAPING.

THE terrible condition of society in our Southern country; the riot, the anarchy, the cruelty, raging there; the bloody records of which fill our newspapers, thrills every thoughtful and manly soul with horror. At first view it seems as if Satan had suddenly incarnated himself in those rebels defeated in the struggle against Northern swords; and was inaugurating a new reign of wickedness in our land. But should these new revelations of the slaveholding spirit surprise a thoughtful mind? Barbarism, fiendish cruelty, murder and rapine are not more rife in the South to-day, than they have been during the last fifty years. They are less so. The difference is (and this difference few men besides the Abolitionists take into the account); that the victims are changed. No language can depict the horrible cruelty practised by slaveholders towards the slaves of this country, year after year; cruelty from which the victims had no appeal, either to the law of the land or their own right arms. The wail of woe which, during those years, came up from all our South land, would have pierced the heart of the Northern church, had that church been truly a Christian one, with such grief and indignation as would have proved the speedy death-warrant of the accursed system, and forestalled the necessity of anti-slavery organizations. But who were these sufferers? Men called them an alien race; they were only black men; bound to a Northern white aristocracy by no ties of blood; scarcely acknowledged as human brothers. The State and the Church looked with a tearless eye upon their agonies. The hour of retribution has come. God is pressing to the lips of the tyrant race the cup of its own mingling. For what is all this murderous rufflianism in the South, but the legitimate result of character formed under the influences of slavery? The power of ownership in his former victims denied to the slaveholder, he seeks new victims for his love of power, his pride and his cruelty. While it was only the slave dying by slow torture, Northern men and women looked calmly on or calmly turned away; and Northern pulpits apologized for the iniquity. Now that the same cruel hand is shedding the blood of white men, their own sons and brothers and friends, they stand aghast with horror. Well they may! By the light of the midnight assassin's torch let them read the record of their own guilt. In the calls for help, of loyal white men and women of Northern and Southern birth, whose fate is blended with that of the negro, on Southern soil to-day, let them hear that piteous cry of the slave which through so many years they coldly disregarded. If, thus seeing and hearing, they would truly repent of their sin against their brother, there would be more hope for this Nation than one may now reasonably cherish. The fact is that, without half repenting of its sin, the Nation is taking great credit to itself for abolishing slavery. To save its life it let go its hold on its slaves; and the Republican party, prompted by a true sagacity touching its own interests, and also, doubtless, by a love of justice on the part of some of its radical leaders and members, has legally invested them with the rights of citizens. The gain of this, to the slaves, the Nation and the world, no language can compute. The moral training of the North which is to come from it; ay, which has come from it, is beyond our power to estimate. But the corruption of the body politic, engendered by centuries of slaveholding, was not to be eradicated at once, by the act of abolishing slavery, even if that act had been prompted by a Nation's sincere and deep repentance for its sin. Much less when its destruction came by the shock of war and the pressure of military necessity.

They who approximate most nearly to the comprehension of the nature of slaveholding, will be least surprised at the evolution of wickedness which is now, apparently, ruining our Southern States. For this moral corruption had pervaded not only Southern society, but had tainted even the Republican Party, which was organized in the interests of liberty. It has been truly said that the Republican leaders do not comprehend the magnitude of the issue before them. If they had done so, they would have more thoroughly strangled the monster of rebellion when they had their hands upon its throat. Now it again defies them. Yet, even now, if the moral strength of the party bore any reasonable proportion to its numbers, they could conquer this second uprising of rebeldom. Whether they will do so or not; whether their chieftain of the field, rewarded with new power, will lead them to this victory, or weakly succumb to his once conquered enemy, is a question of momentous interest to this Nation. Southern rebellion aided by its natural ally, the Democratic party, will never yield. It will, in some form or other, rear its head until it shall be exterminated. If not crushed before the Autumn of 1872, woe be to the Republican party! Not merely will defeat and disgrace be its portion; but at its hands will be required the blood of all the loyal confessors and martyrs, black and white, who have so nobly contended for the Right, on Southern soil, during these critical years.

Every year of our Nation's history brings new proof of the need of the continual utterance of moral truth in its dull ear. While political parties are asking what is the highest expediency, it is the business of the Moral Reformer to teach them that there is no expediency that contravenes the principles of truth and justice; and that the salvation of a nation as of an individual soul, must come through its moral renovation. M. G.

THE following dispatch concerning Indian Affairs has been received from Mr. Vincent Colyer, one of the Special Indian Commissioners, now enroute to Alaska:

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 21st.—If Gov. Mitchell's unwise proclamation declaring the Navajoes outlaws should be enforced, it will probably break up the Agency and School at Fort Defiance, as there are no United States troops nearer than Fort Wingate, forty-five miles distant. The war with the Hullipas-Apaches was commenced by a white man named Muller, who killed "Wambayuba," their chief, in 1866. They were at peace before this. The war with the Apache Mojaves was reopened in 1868 by some teamsters under Chenworth, a freighter, who killed a dozen or more of the head chiefs at Lapus, where they were invited to sign a treaty of peace. I leave for Sitka by the steamer Newbern on Monday. VINCENT COLYER.

Mr. Colyer is doing much good, is doing excellent service by acquainting the public with the facts which give rise to the so-called "Indian wars." These wars, which are little else than brutal massacres of the Indians, are in most cases first provoked by shameful outrages on the part of the "border ruffian" whites. We print elsewhere this week the major part of a very interesting article by Mr. Colyer from *Putnam's Monthly* for September, which inquires "Shall the Red-Men be Exterminated?"

SIMULTANEOUS with the announcements of the strong and increasing probability of the return of Andrew Johnson to the United States Senate from Tennessee as a result of the "Conservative" victory in the recent Tennessee election, we hear of frequent "difficulties" between the colored people and the whites. A Memphis, Tenn., telegram of Aug. 23d, says:

"A difficulty occurred to-day between a negro and a white boy in the village of Macon, Fayette County, in this State, which resulted in a serious affray. A brother of the white boy interfered and punished the negro, whereupon a crowd of negroes gathered and threatened to sack the town. One negro was shot. The negroes in town were soon reënforced by parties from the surrounding country, and they made an indiscriminate attack upon the whites. The white boys who were in the original difficulty had to fly for safety. The Sheriff of the county was called upon, and he started from Somerville with a *posse comitatus* to quell the disturbance. It is reported that several of the Sheriff's party have been wounded by the negroes."

A MASSACHUSETTS Delegate in the National Labor Congress at Philadelphia, Miss Walbridge, from the Committee on Female Labor, reported the following resolutions which were adopted:

Resolved, That this National Labor Congress recommend that all the Trades Unions make immediate effort to secure a thorough organization of Female Labor, and demand the same pay for work equally well done by woman as that done by man.

Resolved, That every avenue of labor for which woman is physically capacitated should be freely opened to her on the same terms and conditions as allowed to any class of laborers.

Miss Walbridge we believe represented a Shoesewers' Association. This action of the Labor Congress in behalf of just compensation for work done by women, and for enlarged opportunities for women, is important and timely.

THE Fourth Annual Congress of the International Workingmen's Association will assemble on Monday, September 6th, 1869, at Bale, in Switzerland. The subjects for the deliberation of the Congress are as follows:—

1. The question of landed property.
2. The right to inheritance.
3. To what extent can credit be immediately utilised by the working class?
4. The question of general education.
5. The influence of trades' unions upon the emancipation of the working class.

IN the recent National Labor Congress at Philadelphia, the following resolutions concerning Coolie labor were adopted:

Resolved, That while we appreciate the benefits to be desired from voluntary emigration we are opposed in toto to the importation of a servile race, bound to fulfill contracts entered into on foreign soil; and that we demand the rigid enforcement of the law of Congress of 1862 prohibiting Coolie importation.

Resolved, That voluntary China emigrants ought to enjoy the protection of the laws like other citizens.

A VERY intelligent Washington correspondent, who occupies a position highly favorable for correct observation, in a private note just received, says of Virginia affairs:

"Every possible effort will be made by the rebels to have the test oath waived."

THE following from the *Mobile* (Ala.) *Register*, a rebel sheet, is a sample of the kind of wit the "unreconstructed" are now indulging in:

"Election returns—the carpet-baggers flocking northward since the Conservative victories in the South."—*Mobile Register*, August 16th.

WOMEN AND THE FREEDMEN.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

FOR more than a year past, I have observed in the writings of some advocates of women's suffrage, sentiments, more or less openly expressed, which have excited a fear in my mind that rotten timbers were getting introduced into the foundation of our cause. In allusions to the freedmen's right to vote I have occasionally noticed something of the sneering tone habitually assumed by slaveholders and their copperhead allies. Complaints that negroes were allowed to vote, while women were excluded from the polls, have been followed by a very obvious readiness on the part of some to set aside the rights of the colored people for the advancement of the woman cause.

Mrs. Stanton, in a letter of invitation to a Convention of Women, last Spring, expressed her surprise and gratification at the number of sympathizing letters she received from Southern women. I probably should have been surprised also, if my mind had not previously been excited to watchfulness by the symptoms to which I have just alluded. If the Pope should join the Free Religious Association in Boston, I should at once query with myself how he was calculating to use the Association for the benefit of Rome; and the singular spectacle of Southerners, especially of Southern women, in love with progress, at once gave rise to similar questions. I could not but observe that while *they* were said to be zealous for women's voting, the freedmen were charged with being opposed to it. Years ago, I used to say that negroes were anti-slavery, as naturally as hens were anti-hawk; and I asked myself, Are their instincts true in this matter also? Do they "feel it in their bones" that Southern women will be certain to aid Southern men in their determined efforts to deprive them of the right to vote? We all know how proofs of that unrelenting determination are piled up mountain-high in the accounts of elections at the South. It requires no great acuteness to perceive what an advantage will be gained by the enemies of the United States if they can secure the elective franchise for rebel women, and take it away from loyal blacks. In the days of slave-holding supremacy, the aristocracy of the South always had a party of male politicians at the North, who, while they talked loudly about human rights, were ever ready to rivet more firmly the chains of the slave, for the sake of securing Southern patronage in carrying out their own personal and party plans. And now, when Southern women manifest a tendency to enter the political arena, we see a party of female politicians at the North ready to sacrifice the rights of colored men in order to secure the co-öperation of Southern ladies in their efforts for the enfranchisement of women. What an argument is this to put into the mouths of those who deny that the suffrage of women would tend to purify politics!

I was glad to see, in the *Woman's Advocate*, an article from Wendell Phillips rebuking these women for their faithlessness to principle; and glad to notice also that Mr. Smalley, in one of his Letters to the *Tribune*, expresses his disapprobation of such a course. For myself, I find it requires a good deal of restraining grace to speak in moderate terms of a compromise so utterly wrong in principle, so shamefully mean and selfish in its spirit. God forbid that women should ever consent to take one iota from the rights of others for the sake of advancing their own! Will human beings never learn that no good thing can ever be firmly established on a basis of violated principle? There may seem to be some present advantages gained by such a course, but, in some form or other, the wrong is sure to return and plague the doer. Grant that women might be allowed to vote a few years sooner in consequence of exerting their influence against the freedmen's right of suffrage, what would be the consequence? They would have obtained an external good at the price of a great internal injury to themselves. They would show that the conscience of woman was in the auction-room, for hackneyed politicians to bid upon its price. They would prove themselves unworthy to vote, unfit to discharge the responsible duties of citizenship; and by so doing they would hinder the real progress of women more than any legal disabilities could possibly do.

I am glad to know that many women view this subject as I do. They see, as I do, that when a thing is radically wrong, no array of possible advantages can make it right. As American citizens, we profess to believe that every human being has a right to a voice in the laws by which he is governed; and if we do *not* believe this, our professions of freedom are hollow brass. The people born with dark complexions have this right in common with all human beings; and, in addition to this universal right, they have an especial claim upon our gratitude, as well as our sense of justice. They hid our hunted soldiers, they fed the famishing, they tended the sick, they guided our wanderers to places of safety. Many a wife and mother among us owes the return of dear ones to their loyalty, intelligence, and tender care. And shall we allow ourselves to become accomplices of their oppressors? Shall our influence go to strengthen the murderous hands of the Ku-Klux-Klan? If we think *our* rights would be more perfectly secured if we were allowed to vote, how much more true is it of *them*, who are living in the midst of cunning and malignant enemies! I regard it as a shame to womanhood that any one should think of bartering away their rights for the sake of more promptly securing her own.

I have never been so sanguine as many concerning the great purification that would be wrought in politics by the admission of women to the polls; and therefore I am not much disappointed at this proof that they have the same human nature as men; I am only a little surprised that they should so *soon* begin to follow the crooked ways of politicians. It does not, however, in the least change my conviction that women ought to vote, and that, their voting would, on the whole, have a beneficial effect upon themselves and the community. In the first place, we are human beings; and I regard it as an eternal principle of right that every human being should have a voice in the laws that govern him. In the next place, the exercise of that right involves large responsibilities, and necessarily ennobles character, in proportion as those responsibilities are understood and appreciated; and we can understand them and appreciate them only by incurring them. Lastly there are several subjects on which it is obviously for the interest of women to vote wisely. The cause of temperance, for instance, would doubtless find powerful allies in them. Some of them will exhibit a talent for politics, which practically means indirectness and compromise; but that class I think will always be a small minority, and will do no more harm than the corresponding class of men do.

PERSONAL.

REV. MONCURE CONWAY is spending his vacation in Russia.

Mrs. F. E. W. Harper has started for the West on an extended lecturing tour.

Mark Twain (Mr. Samuel L. Clemens) has bought an interest in the *Express* at Buffalo, N. Y., and will hereafter devote himself to journalism.

Theodore D. Weld addressed the Free Congregational Society of Florence, Mass., on Sunday, 15th inst. Our friend, Seth Hunt of Northampton Mass., sends the following:

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., Aug. 21st, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

LAST Sunday Theodore D. Weld, occupied the desk of the Free Congregational Society of Florence and gave one of his most brilliant lectures. His subject was, "Beauty: its Source, Scope and Mission." The lecture itself was a magnificent illustration of his subject, being all aglow with eloquence and beauty;—a perfect prose poem. He went over the whole ground; carrying his audience with him through earth, sea and sky, and describing with gorgeous word-painting the glorious manifestations of beauty which he claimed were found every where. It was not confined merely to the physical world, to the spheres of the senses, but was allied to mind,—to our conceptions, our intuitions and to the moral and religious sentiments. Ugliness and deformity were relative, not absolute. Having analysed beauty with keen and philosophic insight, he showed its uses or adaptations, by depicting with graphic power the world as it would be, shorn of beauty. Hideous disorder would reign supreme. Color, music, painting, sculpture and eloquence would die. Light would not be. The pall of black darkness would rest on the world and the earth become a tomb. Reason, the moral and religious sentiments would perish, and immortality with its glorious hopes would be impossible. SETH HUNT.

Mrs. Ella Davis Rockwood of Boston lectured in the Morgan Chapel course of Reform lectures on Sunday morning last on the subject of Temperance. *The Boston Traveller* of Monday notices the lecture as follows:

"Ella Davis Rockwood delivered the eighth lecture in the Sunday morning course in Morgan Chapel yesterday, upon the subject of 'Temperance.' She commenced by saying that she had chosen this subject because it had been the first moral movement that had won her attention. It was familiar work to her. The first aspect of the work was the Christian one, which she characterized as Washingtonianism. The sympathy we felt, the aid we could extend to the drunkard himself. Our first duty was to try to save him; to be strength and motive to him, to try to put a purpose into his heart. Let him feel that he has friends; though he fall seventy times seven, take him gladly back when he rises and tries to help himself. Give him occupation; you've emptied his heart of the devils; see that you fill it with the angels of good purpose—a live interest to others—a Christian life.

"When the redeemed man ventures into the streets we must invoke law to make them safe for his feet. His resolution is weak; see that it meets no temptation. Society has a right to interfere and guard him. When they open their doors and offer to sell strong drinks to him, the law has a right to say No! We set up schools, we educate men to make them good citizens. Surely we have the right to see that one citizen does not corrupt the other. The remedy for intemperance is: 1st. Special education; teach men the danger. 2nd. Organized example; societies to make it the fashion to abstain. 3rd. Law; to curb base men so that they shall not coin their fellow man's weakness into gold!

"Mrs. Rockwood impressed her audience deeply. She is a graceful and fluent speaker, and is evidently a very earnest woman upon this subject."

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, August 22d, 1869.

A VERY remarkable exercise of mechanical skill is now in process in this city, the removal of the Hotel Pelham fifteen feet, to give that amount of additional width to Tremont street, where Boyleston street crosses it.

This large freestone building, computed to weigh 10,000 tons, is six stories high, besides basement and attic, and has seven windows in its breadth and eleven in its length. The preparations for its removal have been going on for some months, during which time solid foundation walls have been laid, covered with iron rails, beneath its whole original site and extending to the new one proposed, and the iron rollers upon which it is to move, something more than an inch in diameter, have been placed beneath the walls and the immense granite pillars in the cellar which support it. Even the granite sidewalk in front, and the walls that support it, are moved with the building.

This process, which the *Advertiser* declares to be "a moving spectacle," was begun yesterday (Saturday) morning, and the immense building has gone two feet on its way, not only entire and undamaged, but with no interruption to the traffic in the stores of the ground floor, nor to the residence and domestic occupations of the multitude of people above. In fact they have "a free ride," though the city, which needed this space for the widening of one of its principal streets, will have to pay roundly for the operation. As to the success of the movement, the accomplishment of so much, I take it, assures the triumphant completion of the undertaking. Other movements of the same sort, the raising of long blocks of houses, to raise the grade of portions of Tremont street, as well as setting them back to widen it, are now in progress, and by the end of next year immense improvements will have been accomplished in all that quarter of the city.

Another movement not less important to the welfare of Boston, and even of the whole Commonwealth, was made yesterday, namely, the removal of Daniel S.

Curtis to the common jail, there to be confined for two months at such labor as is commonly required of prisoners there.

This person, a man of wealth and station, had been sentenced to this punishment in the Municipal Court for having assaulted a fellow-passenger in a rail-car by pulling his nose, after a verbal altercation, the result of Curtis's improper and ungentlemanly conduct. The case having been carried to the Superior Court by appeal, Judge Scudder, after full hearing, reaffirmed the original decision, which is now to be carried into affect.

The counsel in this case had the assurance to represent that this offence should be punished only by fine, on account of the good social position of the man by whom the assault was committed. In answer to this, Judge Scudder's decision set forth that mere fine, in a case like this, would not be likely to secure the end which the law has in view, the protection of the persons of citizens; and that, after the most careful consideration of the case, he saw no reason why the penalty inflicted by the court below was excessive, why not just, and demanded by the needs of justice.

In compliance with a call of the State Prohibitory Committee, a State Temperance Convention was held in the Tremont Temple last week, of those opposed to the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage under the authority and sanction of the State.

This Convention held two sessions with a very moderate attendance, the hall being at no time more than half filled. They discussed and passed a series of twenty, resolution approving the Prohibitory law now existing in Massachusetts, and pledging themselves to do all in their power towards maintaining it upon the statute-book, and securing its impartial and complete enforcement. They also adopted an Address of the State Prohibitory Convention to the people of Massachusetts, and voted to request the Clergy of the Commonwealth, of all denominations, to read it from their respective pulpits. It is promised also, that, for the coming three months, there shall be published here a new daily paper, the *Boston Daily Tribune*, fully committed to the interests of Temperance and the defence of Prohibition.

The first difference of opinion manifest in the Convention was in regard to the expediency of alliance with the Republican party, and the expectation that Republicans, as such, would be advocates of the Prohibitory law. On these points conflicting ideas were expressed. The resolutions request both the political parties to insert in their platforms the approval of prohibition.

The 16th resolution (thanking the Constable of the Commonwealth for the faithfulness and progress evinced in the execution of the law), and the 17th (gratefully recognizing the various services of his Excellency Governor Claflin to the cause of Prohibition), called forth protracted discussion of a very animated and spicy character. Both these functionaries were charged by some of the delegates with unfaithfulness to the temperance cause, and by more with a lack of zeal and energy in its defence. After much debate, however, a very large majority decided to uphold both the Governor and the Chief Constable; some of them seeming to be helped to this conclusion by the ingenious suggestion of Rev. Dr. Miner, that the gratitude in question was expressed to these officials for what they had *done*, not for what they had *not* done; so that even Temperance men who had desired and expected much more from the Constable and the Governor were not on that account precluded from the grateful recognition of such instalments of good service as they had furnished.

Dr. Miner bestowed richly merited censure upon the course taken by the *Post*, *Journal* and *Transcript* in regard to the Prohibitory law, which they have opposed in a manner as utterly regardless of truth and justice as was their old-time opposition to anti-slavery principles and measures. However just this censure was in substance, the manner of it has occasioned severe subsequent comments upon Dr. Miner himself, whose indignation vented itself in expressions scarcely consistent with the theology of his sect. We have heard lately of a deacon, who being rebuked by his pastor for the fluent use of profane language, confessed his fear that he never should enjoy religion until he had got rid of "that old keow," whose contrary disposition had excited the outbreak in question. In like manner Dr. Miner's righteous indignation seemed to find no adequate expression without the use of certain mythological terms belonging to the theology of sects at variance with his. These exceptional expressions may perhaps be accounted for, and pardoned, on the ground of extra "zeal," which was the reason given by the navy captain when Peter Simple complained of the first lieutenant's free use of profane language.

It is noticeable that Hon. William B. Spooner, whose assent to the removal of cider from the list of prohibited articles was deemed apostacy by some of his temperance associates not long ago, has been restored to their favor, having been made first Vice-President of this Convention, and also its delegate to the National Convention soon to be held at Chicago, without opposition.

I very gladly append to my letter from her following note, which a friend has handed me. NORTH.

"* * There was a crowd at Hollis street church this morning, to listen to the Rev. Robert Collyer of Chicago. Arriving late, I was indebted to the hospitality of a lady who was in charge of a delegation of children from the Temporary Home in Kneeland St. Taking one of these little ones on my lap, I made the faces of the group around me my study. Among these children were the twin colored boys for whom, through the columns of THE STANDARD, Wendell Phillips has asked for a home and adoption, vainly thus far. It was warm and crowded, and the somnolent influences of the church were felt by many of the little ones; I saw the head of one of the twins resting on his little brother's shoulder, and said to myself, so should they be joined in their future lives; and the thought came to my mind, how can any person who has a home and bread enough and to spare, resist this opportunity to take these fine little fellows to their home, and train them up together, to be all that they are capable by natural gifts of becoming. I am in no other sense Christ-like than in this, that I have no abiding place; but it seemed to me as I watched these children that I would, if I had a home, adopt them, if I had to give up even cigars, (that is easy, I don't smoke), and fast horses, (I never owned any but shanks' mare), indeed everything but necessities, and have the luxury of raising these boys as representative men of their race. A few years of proper care and culture would make them self-supporting. E.

AFFAIRS IN VIRGINIA.

LOTTSBURG, Va., August 16th, 1869.

DEAR MR. POWELL:—I enclose Mr. Nash's account of the fearful riot which will help you at the North to realize what a life of terror we lead down here with the poor colored people. Oh! that Government and its Northern Republican friends would see what a stupendous fraud this late election is! Astounding falsehood of the *Tribune's*, that every body voted free, just as he wanted to! *The Daily Tribune* of August 5th published two letters, one from a Conservative, the other from your present correspondent (Mr. N.) and added at the close of an editorial, that complained how the *Tribune* had been worried with complaints of this unfair election, and winding up with "Let us have *peace!*" intimating no more would be admitted to the *Tribune*. * * *

It is not blacks and "Northern Yankees" only the rebels mean to visit with vengeance, but threaten "If *Grant* don't behave himself, *he will be dragged from his seat!*" and now they are despairing of Grant—say he has gone over to Boutwell and the radicals. A month ago "he was the best President we have had yet!" Beverly Parker, a colored voter in Westmoreland County, tells me how 300 colored men, who thought they were voting right, left out their little tickets for the "disqualifying clauses." They did not discover their mistake till they were nearly done voting. They "*meant* to vote for the *whole Constitution*, clean through."

This dreadful riot at Heathsville seemed premeditated, and rough sailors were on hand with other outlaws ready to carry it on after the apparently designed provocation of the horse had taken effect. They called out to Haydie, "*You pitch in and we'll do the fighting.* And they did it.

Hunted, threatened, waylaid as we are by these murderers and assassins, not daring to be seen after dark, the faithful bugle call of THE STANDARD "To your Tents, O! Israel!" is cheering beyond all language to tell to our fainting souls. We read it with cheers in the little circle last night at——

We are specially hated because we kept the colored people so well taught how to vote for their *rights*, which these rebels *never mean* them to have.

C. F. P.

RIOT AND MURDER IN HEATHSVILLE, VIRGINIA.

HEATHSVILLE, Va., August 16th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

THE most unprovoked, outrageous and wicked assault on the colored people that has ever occurred in this portion of the State, took place last Monday the 9th (Court day) and was the legitimate result of the teachings of the leaders of the Conservative or Walker party—of their proscriptive, abusive, are intolerant policy. Since the election, there has been more of this dominant spirit exhibited than *during* or *since* the war. Union men, native and Northern born, are in constant danger of their lives and property, and unable to transact their business affairs without jeopardizing their lives more or less.

On Monday, the 9th, there was an unusual gathering of *white* men at this place, and a smaller number of colored persons, owing to a colored protracted meeting being in progress in a neighboring town, Lottsburg. It happened that no Court was held, yet the crowd did not disperse. Under a certain tree—where colored women having eatables to sell, had for the last twenty years or more been in the habit of placing their stands—for the first time within the memory of citizens here, B. G. Haynie, the Conservative member elect for the legislature, fastened his horse there. The animal was restive and endangered a colored woman and her stand. Her son near by, gave him a slight tap to cause him to change his position. The owner who stood near called out to him in abusive language, and threatened to give him "a flogging." The young man replied "whipping days are over." With that Mr. Haynie and a clique of white friends retired, but in a few moments returned armed with various missiles, the Representative elect, with a "loaded whip" with which he began to flay the colored offender and his mother—who only *spoke* in behalf of her son. Then a brother coming to his defence, other white men joined in the fray and the fight became indiscriminate. Even women and little boys were cruelly assaulted,—sticks, clubs, whips, chairs and brickbats being freely used upon the "d——d niggers," who inflicted, but only in *self defence*, some telling blows; and the fight became fearful; until, at the imminent risk of his own life, Lieut. Yeckly, the late Military Commissioner, succeeded in dispersing the combatants.

But in a brief half hour, another riot began. A white man, maddened with the vile whiskey that flows freely here on all occasions, leading in the strife. And *strange*, yet *true*, men claiming to belong to the higher class joining in it, or standing by without making an effort to stay the bloody work, or to defend the innocent persons being struck down or attacked, who were standing quite aloof, quietly attending to their own affairs. Every being with a black skin was a mark, and loud cries arose amid the tumult of "*down* with the d——n niggers—*kill* the d——n niggers and the *Yankees*. We may as well finish them now as ever." And loud calls were made for certain Republicans (who did not happen to be there) that they might "*give it to them.*"

A *native* Union man, standing in a doorway at some distance, was noticed by one of the rioters, who left the crowd, and rushing up to him said—"d——n it! what are *you here* for—*go home* or *I'll kill* you!!!" This man saved himself only by getting out of sight.

The terrible riot went on unchecked; blood flowed freely; many a black face was badly gashed; or head bruised by the deadly weapons in the hands of the fierce spirits that outnumbered them. The efforts of the Military Commissioner—Capt. Lord—with those of the late Commissioner, Lieut. Yeckley, to stay the strife were entirely fruitless. It was yelled out we don't care a d——n for your military Commissioners. At last, a black man who had taken no part whatever in the affair, was assailed; first with a heavy cane by the leading rioter, then by a brickbat, which made a terrible gash on his head and felled him to the ground apparently lifeless. This seemed to bring some who had been lookers on, and encouragers of the fight, to their senses, and after some desperate efforts the ringleader was secured, a court of inquiry was held, and at the suggestion of Lieut. Yeckley, the man was committed to jail to await the result of the injuries to the wounded man—who died about 9 o'clock the same night.

The next morning, *no prisoner was to be found.* The jailor on being questioned, claimed that, during the night, parties unknown to him, came to him demanding the key, and threatening to kill him if he refused to give it up, which he did—*though within calling distance* of the two Military Commissioners and several other men lodging in a public house near by!!!! About noon an attempt was made to *overtake* the *escaped* prisoner; but in the course of a *few hours* the parties returned!!! That morning an inquest was held upon the body of the murdered man, but up to this time no effort whatever has been made by the civil authorities to investigate the sad affair and bring the actors to justice. We forgot to state that in the minds of many this was a premeditated affair, *and that, when the inquest* was held, some of the RIOTERS ACTED AS JURORS!!!!

We wish to impress it upon the minds of *thinking men* that this terrible affair was the work of the *very men* who led in the late election—who claim to be "*true Republicans*"—and to be the "*best friends* of the negro!!"

At the last court day in the next county, Lancaster, a lawyer by the name of W. W. Walker—openly advocated proscriptive measures, and called upon the blacks to aid their "*white friends?*" to "drive out the carpet-baggers, and yankee nigger school marms!!" What wonder then, that such scenes as the one we have described, should occur. *Will not* our *Government*, and Republicans everywhere who are genuine, perceive what these *Conservative* Republicans are after? "We pause for a reply." E. N.

THE NATIONAL UNION LABOR CONGRESS.

To the Editor of the Standard:

IT will be remembered that shortly after the commencement of the war of the Rebellion, President Lincoln concluded his first Congressional message with a dissertation on the rights of Labor and Capital. He recognized the fact that the war then commenced was a Labor war. In June last, the Rev. Thomas Farrell of St. Joseph's Church, New York, endorsed the same, by declaring (before an audience comprising the *elite* of the Catholic Clergy and Laity of this City) that "the Abolitionists were the best friends the free laboring population ever had in this country." Coming events cast their shadows before, and he had the wisdom to decipher them.

The effect of the Anti-Slavery War has been to unite the Labor interests of this country. They were antagonistic, they are now united. Last week, at Philadelphia, nine colored delegates were freely admitted, unchallenged, to seats in the National Labor Union Congress, which represented the largest body of laborers ever assembled in this country. One of these delegates, Mr. P. P. Brown of Philadelphia, was elected to the office of Sergeant-at-Arms; another, Mr. Isaac Myers of Maryland, returned thanks on behalf of his colored brethren for the unanimous recognition of their right to sit as delegates so freely conceded by the Convention.

As some of your readers might like to see a fair summary of the work proposed to be executed by the New Labor Party, I append the concluding part of the speech of the President of the Congress, Mr. Lucker of New York:—

* * * * At the Baltimore Congress, in 1862, after mature deliberation, it was determined that the time had arrived that the workingmen of the United States should cut themselves free from existing party ties and predilections and organize a grand national party, the cornerstone of which should be the recognition of the rights of labor. The events of the past three years have demonstrated the wisdom of that decision. For, with few exceptions, where a different policy has been pursued it has resulted in a betrayal of trust or an ignominious failure. Nor should this be a matter of surprise, as both existing parties are now, and have been, manipulated exclusively in and for the benefit of capital. Oil and water will not mix, and it is the sheerest nonsense for any one to think that either of the existing parties, whose very existence depends upon the perpetuation of the system we seek to destroy, will, so long as they are the law-making power, be governed by other than selfish motives. Moreover, a movement to affiliate with either would be especially to be deplored at this time, when both the Democratic and Republican parties are rapidly disintegrating by their own corruption, and the people are demanding a change in our political affairs. And the National Labor party, with the platform of principles adopted by this congress, is the only one that can lead the people to a victory over both of the existing ones. The work before us is simple. We do not ask sympathy. All that we desire is justice. The aim and end of all the labor movements now convulsing the fairest portions of the civilized world is, to secure for the producer the results of his labors, or a proper exchange therefor. At present, those who labor not, secure to themselves our products in boundless profusion, whilst those who toil hardest, cannot in many trades, by constant work, obtain either proper or sufficient food for their families and themselves, or decent and wholesome shelter for the same in our cities: and, bad as this state of things is, it is proposed to make it still worse, and, by the introduction of coolie serfs, to still further grind the faces of all the toilers of this community. A people so base, that, in California, where they are known, all parties, by common consent, have, in their political platforms, condemned them as totally unworthy of being made citizens of the United States. But how can this organized system of plunder be overthrown? We answer: it is by the establishment of the principles laid down in our platform. The unjust land system which we have condemned at Chicago stands in our way and must be removed. We must secure the crop to the hands that raise it, and abolish the tolls collected by landlords on our food, shelter and clothing, for looking on and seeing others work. We must overthrow the present iniquitous money system and provide one consonant with the Constitution of the United States. We must establish the principle that the trafficker is the servant of the producer and not his master, and restrict by law the gains of all distributors, both of men and goods. The dignity of labor has been asserted by politicians; it is for us to proclaim and secure the dignity of the laborer, by asserting his prior right to all the productions of his toil. Nothing is more certain than that if we wish to preserve our Republic in its simplicity, we must make it hot for the knaves and idlers the British villainous money and land systems are constantly creating amongst us. We must advance upon our Democratic educational system, which claims for all the children of the soil an equal intellectual chance in life, by overturning the old Norman laws of inheritance we have imported from Great Britain, and demanding that something like a material equality shall also be instituted amongst us to benefit our descendants. Otherwise, money serfdom will infallibly be the lot of hundreds of thousands of the children of the present generation, and our present Democratic form of government will lapse into the meanest kind of aristocracy, viz., an aristocracy of money. In order to effect these changes in land, money, and law, it will be necessary for us to collect and organize the entire army of those who labor. From our Union none ought to be excluded who can by their services to mankind show a proper title for admission. The doors must open to all who can rightly prove that they are laborers. This is not only justice on our part, but the wisest policy. We have a big job before us. It is nothing less than to capture Washington, not with bullets but with ballots, in 1872. Whilst we do not propose to draft any workingman, we propose to accept and encourage volunteers to fill up our ranks. For four years our standard has floated on the breeze, and our pickets have already planted the eight-hour flag on the White House at Washington. Our cause resting on justice, we cannot eventually be defeated, but our action in this Congress may tend to secure its early success. Let us then, brethren, bend to the work with willing minds and cheerful hearts, ready to bear with one another's infirmities, and willing to surrender our individual theories when they are judged incompatible with the general good. We would also appeal even to our opponents, and ask of them if there are not causes justifying us in the course we are pursuing. Things cannot much longer go on as they are. The alarming advance of crime in our cities, now commencing to threaten their depopulation; the great and rapid increase of pauperism and misery, which we attribute to the depression of wages and the legal defrauding of the laborers of the community, are rendering life in them as precarious to the wealthy, as it is distasteful to the poor. It is no wonder, then, that we find in our ranks some right-thinking employers who believe with us that, of all classes of men, workingmen have the first and best right to a healthy human existence in the nation. In conclusion, let us bend ourselves to our work heartily, cheerily, and with a will. Our brethren in Europe are at work also. We ought to be well represented in their Congress at Basle. The revolution we are now engaged in is the Revolution of the Ages. In advancing the general good it will surpass all that has gone before it in history. It is one which, when secured (and it must be secured), will confer on those who now oppose us benefits as great as those which we shall obtain for ourselves; it is one whose success we can with clear consciences and cheerful hearts call upon the Great Laborer to sanction and bless; and one whose consummation will confer untold benefits on ourselves, our children and on mankind."

It is manifest that this programme of proceedings has been drawn up by one who recognized the necessity of the unity of the Great Labor Interest of the country. That the negro has been elevated to the plane of Freedom, and placed in a position where he can unite his force with that of his white laboring brethren, is due to the persevering efforts of the Abolitionists. Yours respectfully, R. W. HUME.

WOMEN IN ITALY.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:

"The movement for woman's rights has spread to Italy. Not long since a young and beautiful woman appeared before the Roman Senate, and announced herself to be the last descendant of the Emperors of the East, living unknown with her father in a valley in Piedmont; and, producing documents, she demanded an investigation of her pretensions. The Senate complied with her request, and finally recognized her as the Princess Lascaris-Paleologis, ordering her name to be thus inscribed in the 'Book of Gold' at the Capitol. The Princess subsequently went to Florence, where she has now taken a bolder step, and founded a masonic lodge for women."

A New England exchange says:

"Hundreds of women have been at work in the hay and grain fields in Massachusetts the past two weeks, helping their husbands and fathers, when no other help could be procured."

MR. CONWAY ON SOCIALISM.

REV. M. D. CONWAY, the eminent liberal preacher, now in England, writes a paper on Socialism for the August number of *Harper's Monthly*, from which we extract:

"The Socialistic principle is very simple and universal. Every man who by riding in a car or omnibus—the common carriage—saves many times what he would pay for a private carriage, or by sending his child to public school pays but a tenth of what he would for a family teacher, avails himself of the Communistic principle. It is plain that by a common residence or common table, people might save money as well as by having their carriage, their church, or their art-gallery in common; and nothing can prevent the springing up among the poor of lodging-houses, workmen's institutes and reading-rooms, soup-kitchens, cooperative stores, and the like, all of which are Socialistic. But just so soon as Communism aspired to abandon the ordinary material and implements of society, it really left behind the only people who required its aid, and the only people who could have formed a community. It implies thought, enthusiasm, study, and imagination for a man to become the practical devotee of an idea; and these are precisely what the life of the pauper and drudge has never permitted to germinate in him.

"But a man need not to be a poet to take better rooms for less money in a model lodging-house, any more than to employ the common baker instead of making his own bread. The followers of Owen and George Ripley were men and women of extreme individuality; but for such to put themselves into a common drill was to set a pyramid upon its apex. For, the very object of Harmony Hall or Brook Farm must be to secure from the pressure of physical toil more leisure and freedom for moral and mental culture; whereas, such culture must at once manifest itself in an individuality inconsistent with a too close association with others. Culture affects taste, food, modes of amusement, and leads men to devote life to things which no Community can regard as produce.

"The possible Community must have men and women with minds full of the common question,—How shall we exist? When Communism took the pen from Hawthorne's hand and put a hoe into it, it furnished its own *reductio ad absurdum*. Hawthorne plunged from the comfortable room that meant his real work, into a snow-storm, in order to do some other man's work. But if the inmates of Brook Farm had all plunged *out of* snow-storms and out of starvation, Brook Farm would have proved something else, though possibly nothing more valuable than the artistic study of a society sure to reappear in completed form on the American canvas."

LITERARY.

Putnam's Monthly for September presents several very interesting articles, among them one by Mr. Vincent Collyer,—notes of tours among the wilder Indian Tribes of Arizona, New Mexico, Montana, Colorado, and the Indian Territory,—asking the question "SHALL THE RED-MEN BE EXTERMINATED?"

The Indian question is one of so much national importance, and of so much interest to the readers of THE STANDARD especially, that we quote at length from Mr. Collyer's timely and valuable notes:

THE INDIANS.

* * I first visited the "half-civilized" tribes along the southeastern border of Kansas and Western Arkansas. The Kaskaskias, Neoshos, and other of the confederated bands, and the Cherokees, Creeks, Seminoles, Chickasaws, and others. I wanted to learn what means had been employed to civilize them, and to see the result. I found them as decent and cleanly in their personal appearance and habitations, their cabins and out-houses as well constructed, and their fences, farming-tools, and stock as well cared for as by the majority of the white people, their immediate neighbors.

They owe their civilization to the missionaries who have most faithfully and efficiently worked among them for the past half century, supported by the liberal contributions of the Christian people of the Eastern, Middle, and Southern States. With the exception of the Osage Mission, which is Roman Catholic, they are all Protestant missions. Presbyterian, Moravian, Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian, have all united in the good work.

The Cherokees are the most advanced in education of all the tribes in the United States, though in orderly living, I think, the Pueblos of New Mexico surpass them. Many of the gentleman at the head of the nation are half-breeds; men of culture and refinement, with whom it is a delight to associate.

The "*Reservation*" system has in the main proved a success with them, though, like all theories, it may be pushed too far.

To collect a tribe together out of its straggling, roving, savage life, and bring it into a condition where it can be handled, where it can be protected from its more powerful neighbors, and also protect its weaker neighbors from the bad men belonging to it, and to afford teachers and civilizers of every kind an opportunity to work, the Reservation system must be adopted. But when a tribe has advanced as far as the Cherokees have in civilization, a larger and broader policy must be introduced. It is like the Chinese or Japanese building a wall around themselves, adopting the teaching of Confucius, not of our Saviour.

The war, in its dreadful ravages among them, has done great good to the Cherokees. It has killed the old factions and broken down the middle wall of partition between the half-breeds and full-bloods. All of them now see that they must be united, or the Cherokee nation goes to the wall. The half-breeds are looking more affectionately upon the full-bloods, as the proper field of labor for their most devoted efforts; and both factions are now so poor that there is nothing for the one to be envious of in the other. Even the old animosities of "North and South" have to be abandoned, and a common adversity has made them common friends.

They have a glorious heritage: 1. In a good name, earned by an unselfish, heroic life in the past.

2. In the advantage which that reputation gives them in placing them at the head, or nearly so, of all the Indian tribes of America; and

3. In natural resources of soil, climate, and geographical position.

Their country is superb. Agreeably diversified with hill and plain, well wooded and watered; coal, iron, and fertilizers of the soil near at hand; mild and temperate climate; sheltered from the colder north winds by their hills, and refreshed against the hot air of the south by the many springs and streams which water the valleys; and located on a line where very soon many railroads must meet, their situation is most hopeful.

I next visited the Seminoles. What American of forty years, does not remember the old cry about the Seminoles of Florida—twenty years ago or less. They were called "rattlesnakes—vile reptiles only fit for manure, and to be shot whenever seen." We are told, and our people believed, that nothing could ever be done with the Seminoles, and yet, there I found them living quietly in their neat log-cabins, working their farms, and sending their children to school with as much earnestness as their white neighbors. About fifteen years ago they were removed from Florida, and placed were we found them in this country.

Rev. Mr. Ramsey, the missionary from the Presbyterian Board, has charge of one of their schools. It was in vacation, April, when I was there, and he was at work on his farm. The Seminoles gather around him as he ploughs, and watch his straight furrows with the intensest interest. His Virginia rail-fence, run by line, straight as an arrow, attracts their intelligent attention and imitation.

I visited the cabin of "Long John," their chief. He is a splendid specimen of his race: tall, well formed; cheerful and open face. In the late war he was a sergeant in the Indian regiment on the Union side. On the walls of his bed-room he has a portrait of Abraham Lincoln, which he regards with peculiar affection. He called my attention to it with a most expressive wave of his hand from his heart towards it in reverence and manly esteem. He has an ingenious contrivance for raising up the box from the running gear of his wagon, so that he can substitute the frame of a hay rack in its place. It is all under cover, sheltered from rain. He called my attention to it with evident pride and delight. Mr. Ramsey told me that he was an earnest and consistent member of his church. And yet he is one of those who fifteen years ago were "rattlesnakes, and to be shot on sight, like other reptiles."

The mission among the Creek Indians, I had not time to visit. It is said to be the most successful of any in the United States. The Rev. Mr. Robinson has charge of it, assisted by Mr. Worcester, son of the distinguished missionary, Dr. Worcester, who labored so heroically for forty years among the Cherokees. A daughter of Dr. Worcester also had a school for the colored children at the Creek agency which has done much good.

The colored people have equal rights in all things with the Indians. In this our red brethren set us a good example; they not only admit them to citizenship among them, but generously share with them all its privileges of free admission to schools, equal use of school funds, and rights to the land and labor.

Driven out of Texas in large numbers under the influence of the old prejudice against their race, the blacks are fortunate in being welcomed so warmly by the Creeks.

I will now continue the story from my letters.

HEADQUARTERS, U. S. A. MEDICINE BLUFF,
WACHETA MOUNTAINS, Indian Territory,
March 29th, 1869.

DEAR C——:—At last I have arrived at the extreme southern end of my journey, just one month and nineteen days, or six weeks, from the day I left New York.

Major-Gen. Hazen left Fort Arbuckle with me on Friday noon, and camped on the edge of a green field and small stream of water, fifteen miles west, this side of Arbuckle, that evening. As I had a four-mule wagon, loaded with our rations and forage for twenty days, remaining, and three barrels of garden-seeds, hoes, etc., for the Indians, to carry, which moved slowly, we parted company the next morning, and the General came on a half day before me.

The route for this last trip of seventy-two miles was the most desolate and by far the most interesting of any I have yet travelled over. The wild character of the scenery, so barren and in large part so entirely uninhabited; the quantity of game, wild ducks, geese, plover, quail, prairie chickens, swans, wolves, antelope, deer, etc., constantly in sight, made it particularly exciting.

The wolves were very bold, frequently being within easy musket range, and surrounding our lonely camp at night with their watchful cries. The deer and antelope at times were equally near, and the flocks of birds spoken of were in sight every hour.

We had the full moon, and clear beautiful weather; one slight thunder-shower of half an hour being the only exception.

The grass is already beginning to appear, green and refreshing, and the mules are thriving on it finely.

Gen. Hazen has prepared a tent, with fire-place, bed, etc., for my comfort, and I am now writing this under its hospitable roof. Major-Gen. Grierson, of famous history in the raiding line during the last war, commands the military of this department, Gen. Hazen's duties being really only those of Indian Agent, etc., and he received me, as did all the other army officers, most cordially.

There are large numbers of Indians here encamped about our tent, and they are some of the most uncivilized and war-like of all our tribes.

The women and men are some of them half-naked, and nearly all are in their native costume of blanket and buffalo robe, with bow and arrow, or carbine with revolvers. They are nearly all mounted on ponies, and seem awkward when dismounted. They are the finest riders in the world, and when seen moving about on their ponies and horses with their bright-colored blankets, are the most picturesque people imaginable. The children are especially interesting, bright and intelligent looking. While I was in the General's tent at dinner, three of the warlike tribe of Cheyennes, the first that have arrived, presented themselves at the General's tent door. He was delighted to see them. They are the first of a band of six hundred that are coming in a day or two. They were each over six feet high, wiry, and tough in their build, and quite dignified and grave in their manners.

How I wish a Horace Vernet were here to fix upon canvas the superb pictures of Indian life around us, equalling his famous "Abd'el Kadir."

I am to go with Gen. Hazen to-morrow to put the first plough and plant the first seed in the new ground of this Reservation.

MEDICINE BLUFF CREEK.
Southern Indian Territory, April 9th, 1869.

To-day I had an interview with Little Raven, Chief of the Arapahoes, in the tent of Major-Gen. Grierson, and got a distinct statement from him as to the entire ignorance of himself and his people, and also of the Cheyennes, about the precise location of the Reservation set off for them by U. S. Peace Commissioners in 1867. It was because the Cheyennes under Black Kettle and the Arapahoes under Little Raven were not on the Reservation, that they, with their tribes, were held guilty, and this was *one* of the reasons why they were attacked by Gen Custer at the battle of the Washita last Fall. You may remember that Col. Wynkoop stated that he thought they were on their Reservation at the time they were attacked. You see now how easily these people are made to sign treaties, of the character of which they are not familiar, and are afterwards so severely dealt with for not understanding.

STATEMENT.

Little Raven, Chief of the Arapahoes, being questioned as to his knowledge of the location of the Reservation allotted to his people and the Cheyennes, by the Medicine Lodge Treaty in 1867, declared, in our presence, that at the time he signed the Treaty, he fully supposed the land on the Upper Arkansas, between Bent's Fort and the Rocky Mountains, was the Reservation, being the same as previously set apart to them in the treaty of 1865; and he believes that the Cheyennes were also of that opinion. Nor had he any doubt about it until he met Gen. Sheridan at Medicine Bluff Headquarters, 15th of February, 1869, and until to-day he did not know precisely where the new Reservation was located.

Little Raven says he supposes that this misunderstanding arose from the hasty way in which the treaty was made and read to them, and by mistaken interpretation. (Signed)

Little Raven, Chief of the Arapahoes, ✕ his mark; B. H. Grierson, Col. and brevt. Major-Gen. U. S. A; Vincent Colyer; H. P. Jones, U. S. Interpreter; Henry E. Alvord, Captain 10th U. S. Cavalry.

After Little Raven had got through, a party of twenty-six Southern Cheyennes, with their head chiefs, Little Robe, Minnimic and others, came up, and had a little talk. They are a fine-looking body of men, and when on horseback beat anything in the way of cavalry I have ever seen.

They tell their version of Gen. Custer's meeting with them.

STATEMENT.

"At an interview had with Little Robe, Minnimic, or Bald Eagle, Red Moon, Grey Eyes, and other chiefs of the Cheyennes, held in the Head-Quarters tent of Major Gen. Grierson, they gave the following account of their interview with Gen. Custer on the 8th or 9th of March, 1869:

"The Indians were on their way to Camp Supply, and this interview with him turned them back and delayed their progress there.

"The first notice they, the Cheyennes, had of the approach of Major-Gen. Custer and his regiment, was from a Cheyenne woman who had been captured by Gen. Custer in the fight against Black Kettle, on the Washita. She had been turned loose, or ran away, from Gen. Custer, some days before. The chiefs went out to see, and met Gen. Custer coming in with two men. He went into Medicine Arrow's tent, and shook hands, and a young man came in and told them that there were a great many troops coming on the war-path, which frightened the women, and they immediately began to saddle up their ponies; but the chiefs went out and quieted them down.

"Thirty of the chiefs and warriors then went over to visit Gen. Custer and his camp. He surrounded them with his soldiers, and told them he was going to keep them. They immediately drew their revolvers, and said that if they were to die, they would die in trying to escape; and they made a rush, and all but three broke through the guard. They were desperate and determined and brave about it, so they were allowed to go unguarded. Gen. Custer told the chiefs to go and bring in two white women who were in their camp, or he would hang the three young men. They brought him the two white women, and then expected that he would release the three young men; but he would not do so. Sometimes he would talk good and sometimes bad to them; they could not understand him. He staid near them only a little while, and started for Camp Supply. He told them he wanted them to follow him on to Camp Supply; but he talked so strangely to them, they would not trust him. This over, seventy lodges started for this post. They left the others, about one hundred and twenty lodges, on the headwaters of the Washita; but the interview with Custer was on the North Fork, or a small branch of the Red River. They say that there were thirteen men, sixteen women, and nine children killed at the Washita fight. Eagle Head, or Minnimic, then said that he wanted to speak. He first shook hands with us, and then said that he wanted to speak good only. That three of their men came down to see us, and returning, reported that we had treated them kindly, and wished to see the others, and that they had now come to see us. He said that they were hungry, and wanted some food for themselves and for their people. That they were willing to go up to their Reservation with Little Raven and the Arapahoes, if he and they were willing. Little Raven being present, was asked, and he said he was willing, and would be glad to have them go with them, if the Cheyennes were willing.

"So it was agreed upon that they should go up to the Reservation together. (Signed)
HENRY BRADLEY, Interpreter.
VINCENT COLLYER, Witness.

To-day Gen. Hazen, Col. Boone,* and myself visited the farms of the Agency, set the ploughs in motion, and selected the location for the Mission School. The buildings and farms will occupy a beautiful island plateau of nearly two hundred acres of rich bottom land, surrounded by Cache Creek, and one of its branches, fringed with tall trees.

HEADQUARTERS, MEDICINE CREEK,
Southern Indian Territory, April 9th, 1869.

Yesterday I visited the Agency of the Affiliated Bands of Indians at the Wacheta Agency. They number about seven hundred souls, and are the remnants of what were once quite important and intelligent tribes—the Wichetas, Kerchees, Caddoes, Wacoes, and others. Their Agency is located about twenty-two miles north of this post, on the Washita river, in the midst of a beautiful and fertile plain, named the Eureka Valley. *

They came in groups of two or three, and as most of them were attired in gay colors and shining ornaments, and all are superb riders, they made a most picturesque scene. * * * * * * *

* * * When the tribes had all assembled, and the goods had been parcelled out to them in five separate lots, one for each tribe, the chiefs assembled together, and Gen. Hazen sent for me. The interpreter, Mr. Phillip McCusky, informed us that the chiefs wished to speak to us, and invited Gen. Hazen to commence the talk.

*U. S. Indian Agent. He is a grandson of the famous Col. Boone of Kentucky, and said to be an excellent man.

INTERVIEW WITH THE WICHITAS, WACOES, CADDOES, KECHAS, AND OTHERS, APRIL 7, 1868.

Gen. Hazen commenced the talk by informing the assembled chiefs that he was happy to meet them, that the goods which would be distributed among them were not a part of their regular annuity, but were those which had been sent on for the Comanches and Kiowas last year, who burned their store and grain house and destroyed their corn. That he had given them these goods because they were peaceful and industrious. That he had bought ploughs and garden seeds for them, and employed farmers to instruct them, and would continue to watch over their interests.

Colonel Boone, the Indian Agent, then spoke to them in the same friendly way, and assured them that the Government would do all it could for them.

Gen. Hazen then introduced me to them, telling them that I had been sent out here by a society of good men of much power and influence, and that the new Father at Washington had told him and all other Generals and soldiers, to see that I was protected and allowed to see the Indians. They said, "Good, good," to each other, and waited to hear from me.

I told them "they had many warm and strong friends where I came from. That there were good and bad white men, as well as good and bad Indians. That now the good white men had united together, to take care of the good Indians, and that, relying on the Great Spirit, they would help them. That when the Indians were at peace, prosperous, and happy, we rejoiced and were glad; but when they were at war, unfortunate, or in distress, we were unhappy and much troubled. I told them that our new Father at Washington was their friend, and repeated the words of Gen. Grant's "Inaugural" to them. That we wished to establish schools among them, and asked them if they would send their children to them.

The Chief of the Wacoes, Good Buffalo, then replied, "That he was glad to see our faces. That this was a happy day for himself and for his people. That the Indian was like the white man. The Great Spirit had made them both, only He had made the white man wiser than the Indian. That He had put him on a broader road, and told him to take care of the Indian, and show him the way. That so far they had not found the road. That they were worse off than when they started, but that to-day they hoped to find the road. Long time ago his father took the white man by the hand, and now they wished to do the same. This land they saw all around them for many miles belonged to their fathers. That the bones of his people lie where the Post is being built. That he hoped his people would never be made to leave this country. That they had been a long time looking for a school-house and a teacher, and were glad to now hear that they were to have them."

Wa-tu-pi, Chief of the Caddoes, then said that he wished to speak. That I "had come a long way to see them, and he was glad. That he was much pleased to see so many chiefs present to hear this talk. The Caddoes, when they first knew the white people, had been helped by them; but that they were now forgotten. His people, like the Wichitas, knew how to plough and plant corn. He hoped I would look and see how poor his people were."

I told him I saw it, and it made me very unhappy.

The Caddoes once owned and occupied the country which now forms the State of Louisiana. At present they have no land assigned to them, and are literally homeless wanderers. What a pity they have not able advocates like Mrs. Gen. Gaines!

The chiefs noticed that I was taking notes of their reply, and asked the interpreter "what I was doing that for." He told them it was to show my friends at home and the Great Father at Washington. They said, "Wano, Wano," "Good, Good." They said they hoped I would put it all down.

I was deeply impressed with the whole scene, and left with a much higher opinion of the Indian race than I have had heretofore.

After the talk the squaws took the goods and distributed a share to each squaw and papoose present. The women and children sat around in a circle, and the squaws with the goods occupied the centre.

About three o'clock we left the Agency grounds, and rode over to the Wichita village, about three miles north-east, up the Eureka Valley.

Lady Duff Gordon, who lately died in Egypt, was a daughter of John Austin, the English jurist, and of Sarah Taylor, daughter of William Taylor of Norwich, who introduced into England the taste for German literature, and was the translator of much German poetry, and the open advocate, during tory supremacy, of liberal principles in government and freer thinking in religion. Lady Gordon's mother, Mrs. Sarah Austin, continued the work begun by Taylor and Carlyle, and distinguished herself as a translator of some important German works, the best remembered of which is her "Characteristics of Goethe." Lady Gordon derived her title from her husband, Sir Alexander Duff Gordon, whose title to fame in turn is derived from his wife, Lucy Austin. Under that name she began to translate books, when very young. Among these besides "The Amber Witch," were Niebhr's "Greek

Miscellaneous Department.

TO DEATH.

Men wrong thee, Death!
They fashion thee a monster grim,
With lifted dart,
Intent to strike thy victim's heart;
The light of day to quench for him,
To wrench him from his joys away,
And doom to moulder in decay,
The turf beneath.

Thou seem'st a foe;
And mortals quail to see thee come
With tread so still;
With sable robe and breath so chill,
And finger beckoning to the tomb;
Thy herald's hollow groans and sighs,
And breaking hearts and streaming eyes—
All signs of woe.

To Faith's keen eye
Thou, Death, art Life; 'tis but to sense
That thou art dread;
No cruel shaft by thee is sped;
'Tis not thy will that hurries hence,
Sets life's brief limits, and ordains
The gloom, the sorrows, and the pains
That speak thee nigh.

Heaven's high behest
All these hath fixed for wayward man.
Offspring of sin
The terrors round that gate have been,
Through which, e'er since thy reign began,
All mortal steps must tread to see
The dawn of immortality,
Its visions blest.

Kind Death! 'Tis thine
To cool the fever of the brain,
At once to still
Of fretted nerves the torturing thrill,
To end the lingering days of pain,
To dry all tears for evermore,
To lift the veil that hid before
The home divine.

From yon blest shores,
When souls redeemed shall backward turn
To look on thee,
All beautiful thy form shall be;
Thy ministries, once deemed so stern,
Shall seem sweet ministries of grace,
Forever to unveil the face
That heaven adores.

—*Rev. Ray Palmer, in the Independent.*

A PIG AMONG THE PURITANS.

The title of this article may strike the reader as slightly infelicitous for a religous journal, inasmuch as the family to which our subject belongs, have not been known as large contributors to the interests of either religion or politics. As a race they have not been historic, and have no great claims on our attention.

However true this may be in the general, we wot of one case, in which the pig found a place among a very pious people, and rendered services so signal as not only to make a great splurge in our politics in his day, as his kindred did in Gennesaret, but the posthumous odor of his virtues, infecting gratefully all our constitutional history, was such as to remain diffused in our moral atmosphere to this hour.

So wise and beneficent a quadruped, leaving behind him the aroma of such extended charities, could have been born nowhere but in Boston, the Athens of the West, and away back in those primitive days of Puritanism when hominy and pumpkin pies and bean broth were mixed in with theology.

The fortunate possessor of such a prize was Richard Sherman, of Boston, merchant. Unfortunately, of this Dick we know but little, as the pig entirely overshadows the man in history; but reasoning from analogy, we conclude, if the pig was so great, how ineffably, sublimely important must have been his happy master.

Dick Sherman was son of Edmund, of Dedham, England, that great hive of the Shermans; was born 1577; came to Boston in 1634 to improve his estate, and entered into trade while the city was yet in corn-hills, and indeed much of it in the native forest. Richard was a Christian, I have no doubt, at least he was not a Jew, as my narrative will show; like most of those people about him, he was a member of the church in which he piously died and was buried in 1661. He was only second cousin to Phil and Sam of Boston. Most of his family remained the other side of the water, only a single daughter having come to Boston, who married a Spawle, and whose blood still flows in the veins of some of the high-born of this renowned Commonwealth.

Who Richard's wife was we do not know. I wish we did, for she was the greater man of the two. But in the absence of such important information, it must suffice to state that her name was Martha, and that she performed sundry valorous feats deemed worthy of a place in the grave journal of old Gov. Winthrop.

But it is time that we return to Richard. As we have said, he was a merchant in Boston; but he appears also to have retained some business in the Old Country, attended to by the portion of his family which remained the other side of the water, and to which he was accustomed, each year, to return. Some of these absences from Boston were quite protracted, extending in one instance over a whole year; and during these intervals of her husband's absence, Mrs. Sherman used to manage the business herself.

It was while her husband was absent on one of these occasions that she lost a pig, and though the city was small nothing could be found of the stray. About a twelvemonth therafter it got abroad, says the grave Winthrop, that "there was a stray pig in Boston,"—there have been many since,—"which was brought to Capt. Kayne," a man of property and consequence, but unpopular for alleged hardness in his dealings. He gave public notice to the town crier and otherwise; but no claimant appeared for "mor a year" nor till he had killed one of his own which had been kept along with the stray.

At this stage Mrs. Sherman appeared and claimed the slaughtered pig as the one she had lost; but as Capt. Kayne refused to surrender his prize, alleging that it was one he had raised, the matter was referred to the elders of the Church of which they were both members, and hence they must first consider the case ecclesiastically. The elders gave the pig solemn consideration, joined with prayer. But as Capt. Kayne, though somewhat hard in his dealings,—a militant disciple,—was by reason of his wealth a leading man in the Church, the scale, in the view of the elders, turned in his favor, and he was exonerated.

The case having been referred to the Church, and the result not proving satisfactory to the parties, it was allowable to bring it before the civil courts. Availing herself of this privilege, Mrs. Sherman, dissatisfied with the decision of the elders, brought her case before a jury, who, however, took the same view of it as did the authorities of the Church, and gave the defendant "three pounds for his costs,"—a somewhat more favorable result than the stern old yeoman had anticipated, and which so fortified his conscience that he turned on the other party with a suit for defamation charging him with theft, and recovered "forty pounds damages."

Damaging as these findings of the courts seemed to be, to our heroine, the irrepressible Mrs. Sherman was still unshaken in her resolve to obtain justice even at the hands of this churlish old Nabal. In those days even, there was one woman in Boston who held and intended to make good woman's rights. In the meantime, her purposes were reinforced by the return of her husband, who, like a valiant knight, determined to defend the rights of his wife. The case, however, seemed nearly hopeless, as Richard had the Church, the courts, the money, the aristocracy against him, while one man and one woman stood up *contra mundum*, alone in defense of their slaughtered pig. Was ever such self-sacrifice—such war for conscience? But a stout heart takes counsel of difficulties only to overcome them. One other resource remained. The Legislature, at that time organized as a single house, presided over by the governor, was a court of ultimate appeal, and hence was called the General Court.

Richard brought the pig before the General Court. The court was composed of magistrates and deputies sitting, as above indicated, in a single chamber, over which the governor presided. The magistrates for the most part represented the wealthy and aristocratic classes, while the deputies were the representatives of the masses in the rural towns, and hence were not only more liberal in their views, but also much more numerous than the magistrates.

After a rehearing of the case before this body, which occupied "the best part of seven days," two magistrates and fifteen deputies voted for a reversal of the previous decision, against the judgment of seven magistrates and eight deputies who approved it, while "the other seven deputies stood doubtful." Thus a large party of the superior officials was for one party, while on a joint vote the majority of the court would be for the other. The division standing thus, the case was not determined; but in a period when popular feeling was enlisted in favor of democratic usages, it brought up distinctly the relations of the two classes of representatives to each other.

"Much contention and earnestness there was." Richard had the adroitness to throw himself, with all the weight of his pig, on the popular side. As against the aristocracy, he was the friend of the people, insomuch that the deputies began to say that this cause of Richard Sherman is the cause of the people. With liberty thrown in beside the dead pig, the scale evidently began to incline Shermanward. The sound of this case was filling the colony. The democratic elements, rallying about the pig, began to alarm the government, doubting whereunto the matter might grow. The affair gave "occasion for many to speak unreservedly of the court, especially of the magistrates; and the report went that the negative vote had hindered the course of justice, and that these magistrates must be put out, that the power of the negative voice might be taken away." In view of these ill rumors with which the air was full, the mighty Winthrop published a declaration of the case "that truth might not be considered unknown."

In the meantime the elders, on a review of the evidence in the case, approved the sentence of the court. But Gov. Bellingham, stirred by the breeze that was up, became the active advocate of Richard Sherman and "would have the magistrates lay down their negative voice."

Six years had now elapsed since the contest began, affording time for men to grow cool and to relax their grasp; but the grip of Richard, like that of a sturdy mastiff, was as unyielding as ever. Encouraged by some of the court, at the general election in May, 1643, he proposed a petition for a new hearing, which obtained a favorable response. Winthrop tried hard to evade the storm, inveighed against "the democratical tendencies of the times," and the unreasonable passions and humors of the people, but was informed that his exposition had occasioned displeasure. The cause of the complainant had evidently prevailed through the towns, and to pacify the feeling Winthrop induced Capt. Kayne to settle the matter privately, and this being done, it was accordingly dismissed from court.

Although the case, as between the original parties, was now settled, the government, after so protracted a struggle, was left agitated like the ocean after a storm. Despite all efforts to thrust it aside, the unwelcome ghost of Democracy, as that of Samuel before Saul, rose up before the civil fathers. If these democratic deputies could now out-vote the solid magistrates, how would the danger be enhanced as new issues should arise in the future. The magistrates would remain a small body, while the deputies, the direct representatives of the people, would increase as the population multiplied, and towns extended out into the wilderness; hence, whatever was to be done to check the power of this new giant should be done at once.

This end would be secured, as they judged, by dividing the Legislature into two houses, a house of magistrates and a house of deputies, whose concurrent voice with the signature of the governor, should be required to perfect a measure. Thus originated the division of the legislative power in the Bay Colony, a provision which proved so beneficial as to be soon incorporated into the constitutions of the other colonies and finally into that of the Federal Government.

In view of this scene the stern Winthrop very properly writes, "then fell out a great business upon a very small occasion." The pig becomes historic, effecting constitutional modifications which shed a fresh lustre upon the legislation and history of the New World. The little one becomes a thousand, affording us an instance of the way the Pilgrims triumphed over caste. Let our modern reformers and iconoclasts take fresh courage from the fortunes of the pig among the Puritans. —*Zion's Herald.*

It were to be wished the flaws were fewer
In the earthen vessels holding treasure,
Which lies as safe as in a golden ewer.
But the main thing is—Do they hold good measure?
Heaven soon sets right all other matter,

Robert Browning.

FREE READING ROOMS.

Whatever may be claimed for ancient civilization, it undoubtedly failed in the spirit of active benevolence and concern for the welfare of all classes which marks modern Christianity. Even under the most favorable forms of government, there was little inquiry into the habits of the lower classes by the cultured, and no attempt made to remedy them.

That all the forms of sin and wretchedness the world has ever known are still in existence no one can deny. But the glory of modern humanity lies in the fact that it not only sees, but in every direction is reaching out and trying to help those who cannot help themselves.

Among all the classes dependent for help upon a wider insight than their own, the strongest appeal is made by the great body of poor, ignorant young people in our cities. Here is something better than reformation—rescue. And when we consider that these young men are—and young women may be—voters, with all the power such a position gives, in this narrow light alone they demand attention. But they are more than voters among us. They are human beings.

In an article in the *New York Times* there is a history of the means the "City Mission" are employing toward effecting these objects. It needed very little insight to see that the danger and the opportunity lay in the evening hours. As they say, the only choice the young mechanic, laborer or shop-boy in this class has is between the corner grocery and his bed. Their mode of life prevents social intercourse and pleasure. Of course he does not go to bed; he goes to the grocery. The etiquette there requires him to drink and to treat. After this method of life is entered no one need call upon a prophet to see into the future.

The "City Mission" is conducted by a body of energetic and sensible young men, and as the first step toward a reformation in this state of affairs they have established five free reading rooms in different localities. They have made them more attractive than the corner grocery, therefore they are answering their purpose admirably. In one of them, in the First ward, where the young men were remarkable for their bad habits, they at first had coffee and refreshments, but the books and papers, the games and the discussion of their different club matters were sufficiently attractive, and the refreshments were abandoned.

The young men take hold of their own interests with force, as soon as they receive the proper encouragement. They have formed temperance societies, target and cricket clubs, and have found in books, in papers, in chess and other occupations, something better than the pleasure of drinking poor whisky, talking upon silly, stale topics and then reeling home.

The expense of these organizations is from thirty to fifty dollars a month each, but it is not very creditable to this Christianity of ours to add that this little sum is very hard to raise. The same kind of societies have been established in England, with the additional feature that once a month the wives and daughters of the members are invited and they have a little festival. We cannot help regarding such movements as among the noblest of the day. They strike at the very root of so much evil, and it is impossible to over-estimate or confine their influence.

But it is not the young men only, but the young women also, who need attention in this matter. The girls of this class have not even the corner grocery. No one who has seen them on a summer evening crowding the door-steps, lazy and decked in cheap ribbons, but must realize their need of rescue from the present and from the future.

We firmly believe that one of the most powerful means of reformation is wielded by these reading rooms. There is social life, interesting occupations, the opportunity of education, kindly help in every effort toward self-elevation, and the strong stimulant of success.

That we need such organizations in our city is only too evident. There is a great opportunity offered to the really benevolent. It is impossible to be too sanguine about the good that could be effected by the organization of proper reading rooms, keeping them open not only in the evening but all day and on Sunday, and offering their characteristic inducements to attendance.—*Philadelphia Post.*

FIRST-DAY THOUGHTS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In calm and cool and silence, once again
I find my old accustomed place among
My brethren, where, perchance, no human tongue
Shall utter words, where never hymn is sung,
Nor deep-toned organ blown, nor censer swung;
Nor dim light falling through the pictured pane!
There, syllabled, by silence, let me hear
The still small voice which reached the prophet's ear;
Read in my heart a still diviner law
Than Israel's leader on his table saw!
There let me strive with each besetting sin,
Recall my wandering fancies, and restrain
The sore disquiet of a restless brain;
And, as the path of duty is made plain,
May grace be given that I may walk therein,
Not like the hireling, for his selfish gain,
With awkward glances and reluctant tread,
Making a merit of his coward dread,—
But cheerful, in the light around me thrown,
Walking as one to pleasant service led;
Doing God's will as if it were my own,
Yet trusting not in mine, but in His strength alone.

REMINISCENCES OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

The last number of *All the Year Round* contains a most interesting paper on Forster's "Life of Walter Savage Landor," evidently from the pen of Charles Dickens, the friend of both the subject and the author of the biography. Landor, it is well known, was the original of *Lawrence Boythorn* in "Bleak House." We select from the article the following graceful and characteristic passages:

The impression was strong upon the present writer's mind, as on Mr. Forster's, during years of close friendship with the subject of this biography, that his animosities were chiefly referable to the singular inability in him to dissociate other people's ways of thinking from his own. He had, to the last, a ludicrous grievance, (both Mr. Forster and the writer have often amused themselves with it), against a good-natured nobleman, doubtless perfectly unconscious of having ever given him offense. The offense was that on the occasion of some dinner party in another nobleman's house, many years before, this innocent lord, (then a commoner) had passed in to dinner, through some door, before him, as he himself was about to pass in through that same door with a lady on his arm. Now, Landor was a gentleman of most scrupulous politeness, and in his carriage of himself toward ladies was a certain mixture of stateliness and deference belonging to quite another time, and, as Mr. Pepy's would observe, "mighty pretty to see." If he could by any effort imagine himself committing such a crime and misdemeanor as that in question, he could only imagine himself as doing it of a set purpose, under the sting of some vast injury, to inflict a great affront. A deliberately designed affront on the part of another man it therefore remained to the end of his days. The manner in which, as time went on, he permeated the unfortunate Lord's ancestry with this offense, was whimsically characteristic of Landor. The writer remembers very well when only the individual himself was held responsible in the story for the breach of good breeding; but in another ten years or so it began to appear that his father had always been remarkable for ill manners, and in yet another ten years or so his grandfather developed into quite a prodigy of coarse behaviour.

Mr. Boythorn—If he may again be quoted—said of his adversary, Sir Leicester Dedlock: "That fellow is, *and his father was, and his grandfather was*, the most stiff-necked, arrogant, imbecile, pig-headed numb-skull ever, by some inexplicable mistake of Nature, born in any station of life but a walking-stick's!"

The strength of some of Mr. Landor's most captivating kind qualities was traceable to the same source. Knowing how keenly he himself would feel the being at any small social disadvantage, or the being unconsciously, placed in any ridiculous light, he was wonderfully considerate of shy people, or of such as might be below the level of his usual conversation, or otherwise out of their element. The writer once observed him in the keenest distress of mind, in behalf of a modest young stranger who came into a drawing-room with a glove on his head. An expressive commentary on this sympathetic condition, and on the delicacy, with which he advanced to the young stranger's rescue, was afterwards furnished by himself at a friendly dinner at Gore House, when it was the most delightful of houses. His dress—say, his cravat or shirt collar—had become slightly disarranged on a hot evening, and Count D'Orsay laughingly called attention to the circumstance as we rose from table. Landor became flushed, and greatly agitated: "My dear Count D'Orsay, I thank you! My dear Count D'Orsay I thank you from my soul for pointing out to me the abominable condition to which I am reduced! If I had entered the drawing-room, and presented myself before Lady Blessington in so absurd a light, I would have instantly gone home, put a pistol to my head, and blown my brains out!"

Mr. Forster tells a similar story of his keeping a company waiting dinner, through losing his way, and of his seeing no remedy for that breach of politeness but cutting his throat, or drowning himself, unless a countryman whom he met could direct him by a short road to the house where the party were assembled. Surely these are expressive notes on the gravity and reality of his explosive inclination to kill kings!

His manner towards boys was charming, and the earnestness of his wish to be on equal terms with them and to win their confidence was quite touching. Few reading Mr. Forster's book, can fail to see in this his pensive remembrance of that "studious, wilful boy, at once shy and impetuous," who had not many intimacies at Rugby, but who was "generally popular and respected, and used his influence often to save the younger boys from undue harshness or violence." The impulsive yearnings of his passionate heart toward his own boy, on their meeting at Bath, after years of separation, likewise burn through this phase of his character.

But a more spiritual, softened, and unselfish aspect of it was to be derived from his respectful belief in happiness which he himself had missed. His marriage had not been a felicitious one—it may be fairly assumed for either side—but no trace of bitterness or distrust concerning other marriages was in his mind. He was never more serene than in the midst of a domestic circle, and was invariably remarkable for a perfectly benignant interest in young couples and young lovers. That, in his ever-fresh fancy, he conceived in this association innumerable histories of himself, involving far more unlikely events that never happened than Isaac D'Israeli ever imagined, is hardly to be doubted; but as to this part of his real history he was mute, or revealed his nobleness in an impulse to be generously just. We verge on delicate ground, but a slight remembrance rises in the writer which can grate nowhere. Mr. Forster relates how a certain friend, being in Florence, sent him a leaf from the garden of his old house at Fiesole. That friend had first asked him what he should send him home, and he had stipulated for this gift—found by Mr. Forster among his papers after his death. The friend, on coming back to England, related to Landor that he had been much embarrassed, on going in search of the leaf, by his driver's suddenly stopping his horses in a narrow lane, and presenting him (the friend) to "La Signora Landora." The lady was walking alone on a bright Italian Winter day; and the man, having been told to drive to the Villa Landora, inferred that he must be conveying a guest or visitor. "I pulled off my hat," said the friend, "apologised for the coachman's mistake, and drove on. The lady was walking with a rapid and firm step, had bright eyes, a fine fresh color, and looked animated and agreeable." Landor checked off each clause of the description, with a stately nod of more than ready assent, and replied, with all his tremendous energy concentrated into the sentence: "And the Lord forbid that I should do otherwise than declare that she always was agreeable—to every one but *me!*"

"The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with her sorrow;
Keep heart! Who bear the cross to-day
Shall wear the crown to-morrow."

Senator Sumner.—Of all the men among the manly of our nation, Charles Sumner is our model man. Others have our esteem and love. He has these, and more. We admire him. And in honorable future of our nation's history, place him among the men to fill the Presidential chair. And if he lives, there he will sit in dignity. That is our predilection and prediction. It is, to our mental eye, his "manifest destiny." It matters little that he is not on committees of the Senate, by the choice of his Whig associates. It will avail nothing that Everett presumes to affect contempt for Sumner. There is a power that underlies the movements of all men, to which he is favorably related, that shall develop itself in time. Do what they may to ignore his claims to honorable distinction, the politicians cannot succeed in "crushing out" such men from their legitimate position. —*Wesleyan.*

A GEM FROM MRS. BROWNING.

What we are, imparts us more
Than what we eat; and life you've granted me
Develops from within. But innermost
Of the inmost, most interior of the interue,
God claims his own, Divine humanity
Renewing nature,—or the piercingest verse,
Prest in by subtlest poet, still must keep
As much upon the outside of a man,
As the very bowl, in which he dips his bread.
And then, the rest. I cannot surely speak,
Perhaps I doubt more than you doubted then,
If I, the poet's veritable charge,
Have borne upon my forehead. If I have,
It might feel somewhat like to a craven,
The foolish green one even. Ah, I think,
And chiefly when the sun shines, that I've failed.
But what then, Romney? Though we fail indeed,
You. . . .I. . .a score of such weak workers. He
Fails never. If He cannot work by us,
He will work over us. Does he want a man,
Much less a woman, think you? Every time
The star winks there, so many souls are born,
Who shall work too. Let our own be calm:
We should be ashamed to sit beneath those stars,
Impatient that we're nothing.

Temperance and Paupers.—About thirty years ago a few citizens of New Braintree, Massachusetts, met together and resolved that the best interest of the town required a tavern in which spiritous liquors should not be sold, as the fact was patent to all that too many of the young men in the place would congregate at the "village inn," and were forming habits of social drinking. After talking over the importance of the matter, and satisfying themselves that the enterprise they proposed would prove a paying one, they subscribed some $7000, built a hotel, furnished it, and engaged a landlord to run it free of rent. Soon after this reform, the people of the town came to the conclusion that it was an unprofitable business to farm out the poor of the town, as had long been the practice, to the lowest bidder; and at a town meeting they voted to buy a poorhouse farm and put the poor at work. This was also carried into effect. Twenty-five years have passed away, and going to that quiet, thrifty town not long ago, the stage driver said to us, on passing the "poorhouse farm," "There is a funny place." "Why so?" we asked. "Because it is a poorhouse farm and not a pauper in it. And I suppose the reason is, some thirty years ago a temperance tavern was started here—no liquors have been sold, and there is no drinking, nor drunkenness, and not a pauper in the town."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The Value of a Scrap-Book.—Every one who takes a newspaper which he in the least degree appreciates, will often regret to see any one number thrown aside for waste paper which contains some interesting and important articles. A good way to preserve these is by the use of a scrap-book. One who has never been accustomed thus to preserve short articles, can hardly estimate the pleasure it affords to sit down and turn over the pleasant, familiar pages. Here a choice piece of poetry meets the eye, which you remember you were so glad to see in the paper, but which you would long since have lost had it not been for your scrap-book. There is a witty anecdote—it does you good to laugh over it yet, though for the twentieth time. Next is a valuable recipe you had almost forgotten, and which you found just in time to save much perplexity. There is a sweet little story, the memory of which has cheered and encouraged you many a time, when almost ready to despair under the pressure of life's cares and trials. Indeed, you can hardly take up a single paper without repersing it. Just glance over the sheet before you, and see how many valuable items it contains that would be of service to you a hundred times in life. A choice thought is far more precious than a bit of glittering gold. Hoard with care the precious gems, and see at the end of the year what a rich treasure you have accumulated.

BEAUTY.

Beautiful faces, they that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit, there
It matters little if dark or fair.

Beautiful hands are they that do
The work of the noble, good and true,
Busy for them the long day through.

Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe,
Thro' summer's heat or the winter's snow.

Beautiful children, if rich or poor,
Who walk the pathways sweet and pure,
That lead to the mansion strong and true.

—*Merry's Museum.*

Newspaper literature has even invaded the Turkish harem. The Zeraki of Stamboul now issues an edition *de luxe*, printed on fine tinted paper, for exclusive circulation among Turkish ladies.

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VOL. XXX. PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

AARON M. POWELL, Editor.

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Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, in a letter accompanying a remittance for The Standard, writes as follows:

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L. Maria Child.

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THE RADICAL:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM AND NATURAL RELIGION.

EDITED BY S. H. MORSE & J. B. MARVIN.

The general purpose and character of this work may be sufficiently indicated in its title. It is proper, however, to add the following statement: The Radical furnishes a medium for the freest expression of thought on the questions that interest earnest minds in every community. Not having to consult denominational or party interests, it can consistently enforce the lessons of intellectual freedom and self-dependence. Confiding more in the natural force of Ideas for the progress and melioration of society, than in the good offices of the best disposed institution; in the Divine Spirit of Liberty steadily burning in the soul of man, rather than in the wisest prescriptions of political or ecclesiastical art; we are ambitious, by the discussion of ideas and principles, to fortify individuals in their trust of Spiritual Laws, and in an unwavering reliance on the protections of heroic character. As occasion demands, we shall criticize public affairs, and consider the different reformatory movements of the present day.

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